

Special Report: The bizarre murder trial of Jane Stafford

FEBRUARY 1983, \$2.50

Atlantic Insight

**The candy man:
David Ganong and
the N.B. firm that's
smelled sweet success
for over 100 years**

**In Nfld.: The rum-runners
make a comeback**

**In the region:
Gloomy prospects for
local TV production**





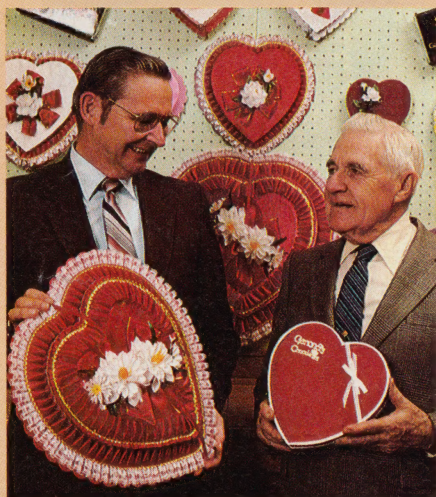
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Atlantic Insight

February 1983, Vol. 5 No. 2



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Cover Story: Amid the crushing problems of the economic recession, why is it that a little, old candy factory in St. Stephen, N.B., can not only survive but outdistance its multinational competitors? Simply by being no ordinary company, according to the folks at Ganong Bros. Ltd., who've been doing it for over 100 years. That means among other things, paying attention to stuff like loyalty and teamwork, virtues as sweet and old-fashioned as the company's valentine boxes of chocolates. Having a chief who eats 1½ pounds of candy a day probably doesn't hurt either.

By David Folster

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID NICHOLS



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Food: If February 14 — St. Valentine's Day — stirs the desire to send your very own sweets to the sweet, go ahead and make candy at home. With a brush, a mould and some confectioner's chocolate even a novice can whip up enviable home-made goodies. And, like Georgina Greenough of Dartmouth, N.S., you might even find yourself some day with a hobby that's blossomed into a business.



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Special Report: On March 11, 1982, Jane Stafford of Bangs Falls, N.S., shot her common-law husband to death as he slumped in a drunken sleep in the front seat of their pickup truck. Eight months later a jury heard evidence of how Stafford had been brutally abused by her husband and found her not guilty of killing him. The verdict, which will be appealed by Crown attorneys this spring, was hailed by some as a victory for abused women. Others see it as a perversion of justice, the result of a trial not of the accused, but of the victim.

By Stephen Kimber



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Travel: Seven centuries ago Berlin began as a divided town, then became a single city and split again in the aftermath of the Second World War. The wall that separates its East and West sectors is a harsh reality that divided families and friends must live with. But the city remains, as it has always been, one of the most fascinating cosmopolitan centres in the world

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Atlantic Insight is published by Northeast Publishing Limited. **President:** Marilyn MacDonald. **Secretary-Treasurer:** J.L.S. Jenkin. **Controller:** Patrick J. Hamilton. Address: 1656 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683, ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in *Canadian Periodical Index*. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$25, 2 years, \$47; U.S.A., Territories and Possessions, 1 year, \$35; Overseas, 1 year, \$45. Contents copyright ©1982 by Northeast Publishing Limited may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA. Northeast Publishing Limited assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and other materials and will not return these unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Editor's Letter

It's hard not to sympathize with Hubert Sanderson, the hog and dairy farmer whose story is part of this month's Prince Edward Island provincial report (page 10). Sanderson is losing his land, and loss of land causes a tremor in nerves conditioned by history and literature. Whether it happens in the Highlands of Scotland, in the Dust Bowl of Oklahoma or, on a much smaller scale, in roughly 1,500 acres of land on the north shore of the Island, dispossession of something as basic as the earth under your feet makes us all a little afraid.

Sanderson's farm lies in the middle of a tract of land that a British Columbia promoter wants to turn into a \$50-million tourist development. Reporter Susan Mahoney describes the scope of the project: "...400 condominiums; a 200-unit hotel or motel with swimming pools, tennis and squash courts and restaurants; an 18-hole golf course, a 3,500-foot airstrip for small private planes and a marina with floating docks." The condominiums will sell for about \$200,000 each.

The development, according to the area's MLA, will be a godsend. The community is dying, its young people moving away. The complex will bring jobs. So Hubert Sanderson's farm, its viability threatened by federal milk marketing regulations, will have to join the rapidly growing ranks of the disappearing small family farms.

There's another element present. Susan Mahoney describes it: "[The] proposed development will cover 1,490 acres in the north shore community of Greenwich, taking in one of the most spectacular sand dune ecosystems on the Island. The dunes, stretching about 6 km along the northern shore of the Greenwich peninsula, tower as high as 12 m, knit together by the delicate roots of marram grass. They give way to marshy wetlands, a home to birds, foxes and other small animals. The beach beyond the dunes stretches for mile on mile of hard-packed white sand."

It's ironic, but let me try to understand what this says: Acres of gentle farmland must be destroyed and wild na-



ture threatened in order to provide a lure for tourists who have been told for years that the reason they should come to the Island is to enjoy its unspoiled natural beauty. Now they must have marinas for their boats and \$200,000 *pied-à-terres* as well. Rambling over the dunes is insufficient exercise, so they must have squash and, most ludicrous of all — a swimming pool! — in a province that boasts beaches unmatched anywhere in North America.

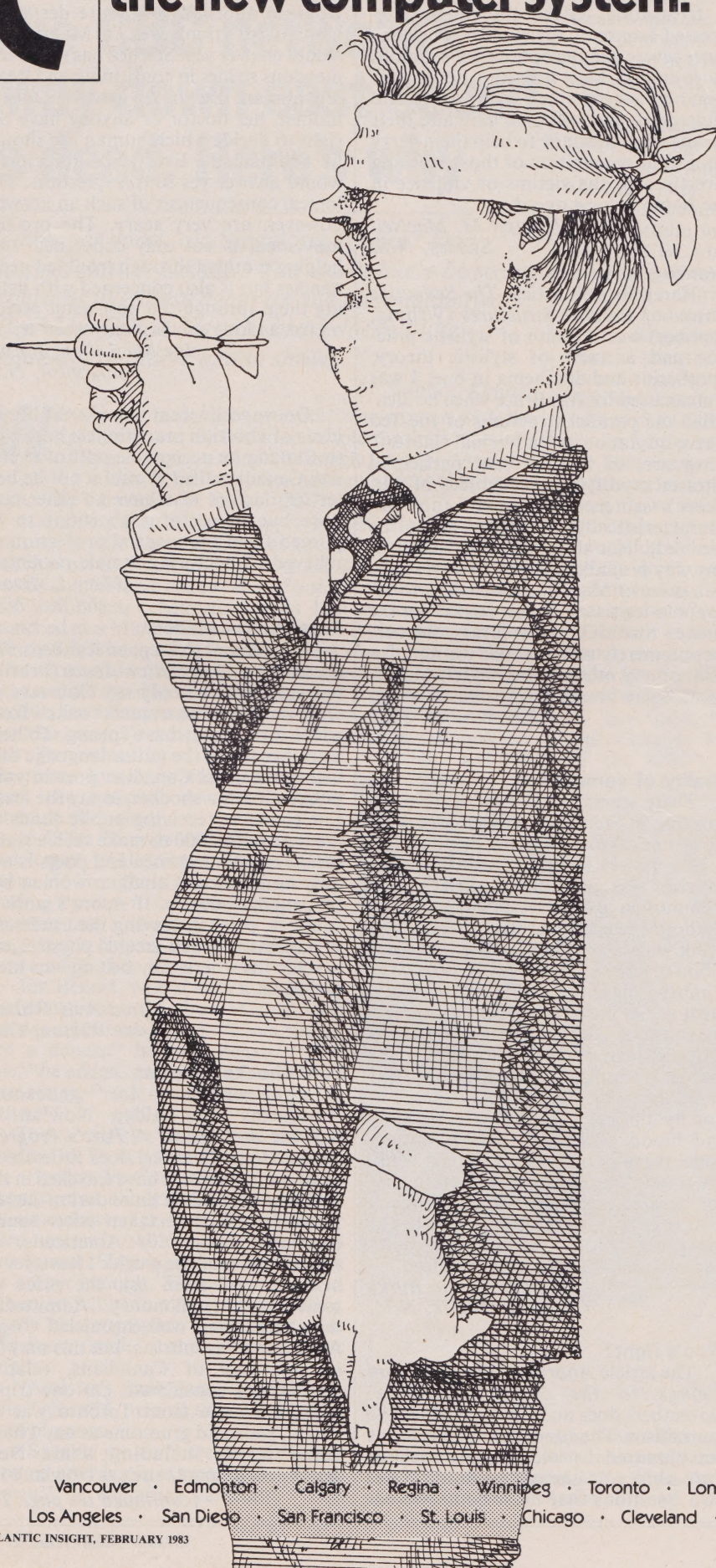
Who are "they," anyway? And why are their needs for private landing strips and floating docks enough to send politicians in a frantic flurry to accommodate them by forcing the sale of precious land at bargain-basement prices? The B.C. developer isn't specific but, by 1984, he says, there'll be lots of them around.

Perhaps so, which may or may not be a wonderful thing for the Island. You have only to look at areas of the world where the quest for tourist dollars — at all cost — has become enshrined as the dominant social and economic force to realize what kinds of communities they become. OK to visit, maybe, but nobody would want to live there. One Islander sums it up in Mahoney's story: "You move 2,000 people, wealthy people, used to being waited on, into an area of three or four hundred population... I hate to think about the future."

To question change isn't the same as to oppose all change. Change will come to the Island, and to the whole region as naturally as young folks moving away (and, quite often, later moving back). The question is, at what cost? Perhaps publisher Jim MacNeill is right when he predicts a reversal in the declining fortunes of the small farms that will come "from individuals, not from government." None of which is much comfort to Hubert Sanderson.

Marilyn MacDonald

Cranshaw, the (tsk tsk) man in charge of finding the new computer system.



Fact is, there are hundreds of hardware, software and consulting companies out there, and you (like Cranshaw) might not be too sure where to start.

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FEEDBACK

Cod tongues from away?

Ray Guy's salt cod article (*At Last, Salt Cod Is Trendy*) in the August issue was very interesting. I would like to ask Ray if cod tongues are imported into Newfoundland from Norway, as we hear it here?

George Poulain
Sydney, N.S.

Editor's note: Ray is not aware of cod tongues coming in from Norway, but he has seen codfish eggs imported from Denmark in St. John's stores.

A natural leader

Your November cover story (*The Fiery Baptism of Alexa*) was right on! A fair and balanced picture of Alexa McDonough, leader of the N.S. New Democrats, was presented by a most perceptive Harry Bruce. Most people were unaware of the extent of the constant, vengeful attacks made on her by Paul MacEwan and condoned by the Conservative government. Now all can appreciate her courage, strength and depth of moral fibre. A natural leader of her calibre is rare indeed.

Mary Simms
Halifax, N.S.

Ambiguous attitude to sprays

I find it very difficult to understand the position of *Atlantic Insight* regarding the use of sprays in forestry (*Spray Wars, Part Two*, Nova Scotia, October). The same herbicide can be used for protection in agriculture, but not in forestry. As quoted in your article, there are over 40,000 scientific papers published on 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, but because Dr. Thurlow and Gerald MacKenzie suggest that there is a problem with their use, our forest management programs are halted. How many of your reporters have reviewed any of the scientific papers on phenoxy herbicides or followed a forest management cycle of cutting, site preparation, planting and protecting? May I suggest that your magazine undertake a project to review the damage to the Cape Breton forests by the budworm and the effects it has had on the environment, habitats and private woodlot owners in Nova Scotia.

D.W. Freer
Atlantic Vegetation
Management Association
Halifax, N.S.

Long-overdue recognition

On behalf of the Cape Breton Transition House Association, I would like to congratulate Wendy Baldwin on her excellent article *Atlantic Canada's Battered Women and Children...* (The Region, November). It puts a good perspective on the situation faced by the people who work in the helping agencies. Even in the most favorable of economic times, dealing with battering situations

is frustrating. Given the present depressed economy, the problems become more severe and the options for solutions more limited. Most transition house staff members are extremely overworked and underpaid, and still their care and their compassion continue to help them carry on. Public recognition of those working directly with the victims of violence in the home is long overdue.

Jennifer M. MacNeil
Sydney, N.S.

Warning to writers

Harry Bruce's article *The Seductive Power of Parallel Structures* (Writing, October) was a zenith of stylistic practice and a nadir of stylistic theory, apotheosis and anathema in one. I was embarrassed for Mr. Bruce when he identified the parallel structures of the Ted Reeve quotation as "adverbial clauses." They are, in fact, present participial phrases modifying the subject of Mr. Reeve's sentence — himself (not uncharacteristically, if legend is to be credited). Not that this observation in any way prejudices Harry Bruce's right, as a premier Maritime journalist, to attempt to legislate a proper respect for the written word. On the contrary, the correction merely serves as fair warning for him, or any other writer, myself included, to cover his ass before pontificating.

Ray Whitley, PhD
Halifax, N.S.

Reality of communion

There seems to me to be an error of wording in Stephen Kimber's article on Roseanne Skoke-Graham in your October issue (*Good Catholic...or Heretic?* Religion). He describes holy communion as "the ritual during which Catholics eat unleavened bread and drink wine as symbols of the body and blood of Christ." This may be only what Kimber judges the reality of the sacrament to be, but it also seems that it is a statement of Catholic belief, and as such it would be in error. It is not as symbols that a Catholic takes what look like bread and wine, but — after consecration by a priest — as the veritable body and blood of Christ, who is present under the appearance of food and drink. We couldn't be bothered with taking unconsecrated bread and wine as symbols; compared with what we believe to be the living reality of our Lord, that symbolism would be tame stuff indeed.

Calvin Burke
Corner Brook, Nfld.

Who's right?

The article *Abortion: The Pendulum Swings to the Right* (Medicine, November) does not represent objective journalism. The fundamental questions are obscured by old slogans such as "pro-choice," "sexual revolution," etc. Two questions that must be answered:

Does an abortion procedure destroy a human life? I think even Dr. Morgentaler would answer yes. Science has made tremendous strides in confirming and treating human life in the womb. Does a mother, her doctor or anyone have the right to decide which human life should be terminated? Every pro-abortionist would answer yes to this question. The logical consequences of such an answer, however, are very scary. The pro-life movement is not only concerned with helping mothers through troubled pregnancies but is also concerned with helping them through the post-natal period or for as long as they may need help.

Joe MacLellan, P.Eng.
Antigonish, N.S.

Do we really want to make the liberal ideas of abortion practitioners imported to Canada an acceptable part of everyday Canadian life? Would it not be better for doctors who have no other purpose but to perform abortions to be purged from the medical profession or relieved of doctoring female patients?

Mary L. Evans
Halifax, N.S.

Poet shocks reader

In reference to Stephen Kimber's *The Second Spring of Milton Acorn* (Profile, November) I can only say God save us all from these, the stunted "oaks" from which Acorn they have sprung. To hear or rather to see the gutter language of a highly regarded Canadian poet in your publication is a shocker, to say the least. For someone receiving public funds to the tune of \$18,000 to make such a statement regarding women and poets is not only an insult to Canadian women but to Canadian poetry. If Acorn's work is so great, print it, leaving the crudeness of his obviously self-created physical and psychic ills where they belong—to him, not to us.

Alfred Avis Walters
Weston, Ont.

Poet shocks traveller

The reference to "gruesome Americans" by Alden Nowlan in *Nowlan in Ireland: A Poet's Progress* (Cover Story, October) does little credit to *Atlantic Insight*. I have travelled in the U.K. and Ireland six times during the last 13 years and have taken other tours, composed mainly of Americans, to various parts of the world. I have yet to hear one of them ask the price of something "in real money." Admittedly, there are some well-chronicled "ugly Americans" as tourists, but this may be no less true of Canadians, relative populations considered. On one trip I took, a couple from Toronto was as vulgar, rude and gruesome as any I have encountered, including some New Jerseyites. Remarks such as Nowlan's in-

(continued on page 24)

The CBC network's 'way-down-east sound is dead. Here's why

Remember good, old Singalong Jubilee? Don Messer's show? Ceilidh? You won't likely be seeing programs like these again on the national network. Why? The CBC's Toronto brass doesn't like made-in-Atlantic-Canada shows

By Stephen Kimber

We're going to do it once more," the woman with the tight jeans and the frozen smile told the three members of Ryan's Fancy, an Irish folksinging group. "And this time," she added in her best clenched-teeth, schoolmarmish tone, "let's try to look happy. OK?"

Happiness was in short supply in CBC Halifax's cavernous old Studio 1 that day. It was late in the summer of 1974, and the cast and crew of *Singalong Jubilee*, the television network's comfortable old sweater of a musical variety program, had just begun rehearsals for its 11th season. *Singalong*, launched as a Mitch Miller-style summer replacement for *Don Messer's Jubilee* in 1963, had blossomed into one of the CBC's most successful variety series, but the network's Toronto brass were embarrassed by it. *Singalong*, they complained, had no production values, no pizzazz, no glitter. It was too... well, too Maritime. They decided to do something about it. They did: Two years later, *Singalong* was cancelled, and the Maritimes has been almost eliminated from the national network's variety schedule ever since.

In 1974, Toronto had sent producer Ted Regan to Halifax to take over the show. He brought in other outsiders, including a writer to create between-songs repartee and a choreographer to teach *Singalong*'s chorus and guests how to dance while they sang.

Jim Bennet, who'd been a *Singalong* performer since the show started, quit the day rehearsals began. "I'm a singer, not a dancer," he told Regan. "And this," he added, pointing to the season's first script, "isn't me. It isn't *Singalong* either."

That's why the tension was thick in Studio 1 as Ryan's Fancy began rehearsing "Roddy McCorley," an Irish song about a man being sent to the gallows. Like members of the cast, Ryan's Fancy were uncomfortable with *Singalong*'s new format. Singing, they were told, was no longer enough. They must learn to dance, to jump, to move to the bidding of the choreographer. Loosen up, she told them, smile at the camera as you sing.

"And let's have some sparkle this time," she said, turning to go back to the control room.

"Sparkle me ass," Dermot O'Reilly shouted after her in exasperation. "Look dearie," he explained carefully. "The

fellow in this song is being fookin' hung. So I can't smile and I can't sparkle! Understand?"

There was a momentary nervous sucking in of breath from the dozen or so cast and crew in the studio, then laughter and applause. Someone had finally told the new emperors they weren't wearing any clothes.

Less than two years later, *Singalong* was gone. Its "Torontoization" had already driven away most of its faithful audience and transformed it from a program "that reeked of the Maritimes," as producer Jack O'Neill puts it today, to a show that could have been concocted by market researchers in any studio in North America.

For CBC Halifax, *Singalong*'s demise also marked the beginning of the end of its importance as a network production centre. During the Sixties and early Seventies, the Halifax studios had turned out three long-running, popular national series: *Singalong Jubilee*, *Don Messer's Jubilee* and *Ceilidh*. For the past three years, however, CBC Halifax hasn't produced a single network variety series. (When the CBC killed Halifax's last series, *The John Allan Cameron Show*, network variety chief Stanley Colbert reportedly said he never wanted to see fiddles on the national network again.)

This season, Halifax has produced only one, one-hour superspecial for the national network, and most of its stars were flown in from outside the region. Jack O'Neill, the Maritime region's current executive producer for variety, shrugs his shoulders resignedly. "There's not a hell of a lot we can do about it," he says. "The impression we have now is that Halifax's future, in a network variety sense, isn't all that positive."

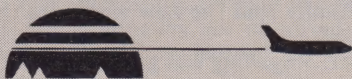
It isn't — despite the CBC's own, often-stated determination to produce more programs that "spring from our cultural roots [and] reflect life as it is lived and experienced in our many cultural and regional communities." And, despite a call in the report issued in November by the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee for "a portion of the CBC's programming budget [to] be allocated



The *Singalong Jubilee* gang: Host Bill Langstroth (with banjo) and (clockwise) Jim Bennet, Michael Stanbury, Antoinette Hollett, Harold Kempster, Patricia McKinnon, Vern Moulton, Ken Tobias, Anne Murray, Lorne White, Karen Oxley, Margaret Ashcroft, Catherine McKinnon, the late Fred McKenna.

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THE REGION



Ryan's Fancy members (from left) Fergus O'Byrne, Denis Ryan and Dermot O'Reilly.

specifically to the commissioning of programs produced in the various regions of the country," no one expects any dramatic change.

The issue is as simple — and as complicated — as the nature of the country itself. Is Canada one country or a series of regions? Should the CBC use its vast resources and unique power to communicate as a means of explaining regions to each other or as a way of promoting the development of a single national consensus? Whatever the merits of the arguments for regionalism, the centralists are winning right now.

CBC brass in Toronto, for example, recently turned down the chance to air an award-winning National Film Board documentary on New Brunswick artist Miller Brittain because, they said, it was "too regional."

"That is an insult to Brittain's status as an artist and an insult to the region as well," says Kent Martin, the film's Charlottetown-based director. But Martin isn't really surprised by the network's reaction: It took nearly two years before CBC agreed to air *Empty Harbours*, *Empty Dreams*, his film about the Maritimes and Confederation.

It has taken CBC Radio's network drama department the same length of time to produce Nova Scotia author Silver Donald Cameron's *The Big Coffin Reel*, an hour-long play about a Cape Breton fiddler. Cameron says it may be the "best thing I've ever written," and Don Allison, the Halifax radio producer who commissioned it, calls it "a beautiful, innovative script," but network producers in Toronto — who must approve all national productions — thought it was too regional.

"They were lower Ontario centralists who had had no sensibility, no regional consciousness," Allison says bitterly. Fed up with "being humiliated by nerds in Toronto," Allison quit the CBC a year ago to return to full-time acting. "The frustrating thing is that I had a pile of beautiful scripts I couldn't get produced," Allison says. "The talent is there, but the CBC isn't using it."

Lack of talent has never been the region's problem. *Singalong Jubilee's* record for recognizing and developing talent — including singing stars such as Anne Murray, Catherine McKinnon, Edith Butler, Lisa dal Bello, John Allan Cameron, Patricia McKinnon, Ryan's Fancy and the late Fred McKenna; singer-songwriters Gene MacLellan, Shirley Eikhard, and Jim Bennet; and even internationally known record producer Brian Ahern — remains unmatched by any program in the country.

"But where is the next Anne Murray or the next Catherine McKinnon going to come from?" Jack O'Neill wonders. "After *Singalong*, we tried to develop other shows that could have some national appeal and support Maritime talent too, but we finally realized that if we created a show that was so general it would be acceptable to the network, it probably wouldn't be a vehicle for our own talent anymore. We also realized we were spending regional money that should have been spent developing talent to develop network shows that, for whatever reason, the network didn't like. So we decided to say the hell with Toronto and just make programs the region itself can relate to."

Producing proudly parochial, popular programs is something CBC's New-

foundland region does very well. "The philosophy of the CBC in Newfoundland has always been to do programming by, for and about Newfoundlanders," says Kevin O'Connell, producer of *All Around the Circle*, a Newfoundland folk music show, and *Up at Ours*, a comedy series set in a St. John's boarding house. Both shows were extremely popular with Newfoundland audiences as well as with viewers in other parts of the country, who saw them through the network's regional program exchange system. And both shows were unashamedly local.

"We believed if we could produce strong regional programming, other people would be interested in it too," O'Connell says, noting that *Coronation Street*, the popular British series, is based in a Lancashire working-class district. "It's watched by audiences around the world because it's real and because the producers didn't begin by watering down the reality to make it acceptable to others. The first step to making good programs is to make them for ourselves."

Jack O'Neill is now trying to do just that. *Ryan's Fancy on Campus*, his new 20-week variety series, is seen only in the Maritimes and features all regional performers, most of whom have never appeared on television before. "At least three of them," O'Neill boasts, "are good enough to have their own series."

Denis Ryan is also delighted. He recalls that when *Ryan's Fancy*, then an unknown group, was invited to appear on *Singalong Jubilee* for the first time in 1972, the group willingly spent more than it earned to charter a plane to Halifax for the taping and then back to Charlottetown the same day for a previous engagement. "*Singalong* was talked about across the country, so as a performer, you really wanted to be seen on it."

Today, Ryan hopes the new series will provide a similar regional boost to other young musicians. "I always tell people we got our start on *Singalong*, and I think it would be wonderful if, someday, other performers were able to say the same thing about our show."

Although Ryan himself worried that viewers might have become jaded since the days of *Singalong* and want to watch only well-known names, the new series — produced on a shoestring budget of \$200,000 with simple sets and no visual gimmicks — is extremely popular. "The ratings," O'Neill says, "have been incredible."

"I have the feeling we've come full circle," adds Jim Bennet, the former *Singalong* performer who's now a writer for the series. "We've tried everything, and what we do best is the simple, straightforward show without hype, the kind of show that almost shouts out the fact that it comes from Halifax. Unfortunately," he adds, "what we do best doesn't seem to be what the network wants anymore."

More's the pity. For the network — and for the rest of the country. ☒



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Cape Breton's hard, hard times

When they couldn't make enough money from farming or fishing or mill work, Cape Bretoners used to be able to fall back on jobs in the woods. Not anymore

When Winston MacPhail was only 10 years old, he had his first taste of a well loved job that's been the backbone of his income for most of his life: Working in the woods, cutting pulpwood and firewood. Although he raises a few cattle on his 450-acre property in Oban, N.S., he's in the woods almost every day, "even when the snow's up to his waist," his wife, Anne, says. In the past, he used to sell an average of more than 300 cords of pulpwood a year to the Nova Scotia Forest Industries (NSFI) pulp and paper mill at Point Tupper, and to some small, independent pulp yards that ship wood overseas. Last year, as the pulp and paper market crumbled, he was able to sell only about 125 cords. "Now we're down to nothing," he says. "That's the way it is now."

MacPhail, 34, is one of thousands of Cape Bretoners who depend on the forests for full-time work or to supplement income from fishing, farming or jobs in town. When MacPhail started working in the woods, he says, "a fellow could make enough money to go to school and get your own clothes." Today, "the woods racket is over." Because world demand for Canadian pulp and paper has been steadily falling for the past 18 months, that familiar backstop is disappearing in Cape Breton. It couldn't have happened at a worse time. This winter, the official unemployment rate on the island stood at more than 20% (some estimate that the real rate is closer to 30%), and the forecasts for spring were mostly gloomy.

The casualties of the deepening recession in Cape Breton included about half the workforce at the Sydney steel plant. Because only one of the two furnaces at the aging Sydney Steel Corp. (SYSCO) plant is operating, close to 1,500 employees have been laid off since last spring. SYSCO's 1981-82 annual report shows a net operating loss of \$22 million, although educated guesses place the total loss, including unretired debts, at closer to \$50 million. Premier John Buchanan has tried to get the feds to free up funds to modernize the plant, and the province continues to pour in millions of dollars to keep at least half the workforce on the job. (The Cape Breton Development Corp. also reported an operating loss on its flagship coal division last year — more than \$22 million.)

In Glace Bay and Point Tupper, 700 employees of the Atomic Energy of

Canada heavy water plants waited for the federal cabinet to make up its mind about their future: It was to decide by April 1 whether to close the plants or keep spending more than \$120 million a year to keep them going.

Last year, NSFI went through a series of temporary shutdowns; at the end of the year, the newsprint mill, employing 250 of the plant's 1,200 workers, closed for three weeks. "We expect to be working at 75% of capacity in 1983," plant manager Ralph Keef says. "I would expect another shutdown in the newsprint mill before Easter." Sales manager Larry Welch, who blames the shutdowns on the poor world economy, warns that things will get worse before they get better in the industry. One reason for this is that new pulp and paper mills are to open in the next two years in the United States and Scandinavia.



MacPhail: "The woods racket is over"

In the meantime, the market decline is hurting thousands of Cape Bretoners, including people who sell firewood: Woodworkers have been shifting from pulpwood to firewood, creating an oversupply of firewood.

Tom Williams of Sydney, a partner in a company with four small pulp yards in eastern Nova Scotia, says the company used to send a dozen boatloads of pulpwood overseas every year. Last year, only two shipments left his yards. He sympathizes with rural woodcutters, but "if you can't sell wood, you can't buy it."

Three years ago, eastern Nova Scotia pulpwood producers — contractors who employ as many as 40 or 50 woodworkers — formed a 1,500-member association to try to bring some order into the marketing of pulpwood from private lands. In those three years, association

spokesman James M. O'Neil says, the amount of pulpwood bought by the NSFI mill has fallen dramatically, from 38,000 cubic metres in 1980 to 10,000 last year. "The problem with this pulpwood production cutback," O'Neil says, "is that there are entire rural communities that depend substantially on the income derived from this production. So you're looking at almost shutting down towns, small little areas."

Many woodworkers, including the contractors, don't qualify for unemployment insurance benefits. Neither does Winston MacPhail, a self-employed woodsman. He says that, while income from his woodlot has fallen by a third, his property taxes have continued to climb. And only about 10% of what's left of his woodlot — after the budworm cleaned him out — is high quality wood. "Different if you had good wood and you got your money out of it," he says. "But not now." Unless pulpwood sales improve quickly, "about three-quarters of us is going to be in quite a mess. There's no way out of it — welfare or something."

MacPhail has kept up his membership in a laborers' union, but in five years, he's been able to find only 13 weeks of construction work. "So I'm giving up the union racket as well," he says. "Eleven dollars a month for union rates and no work. I don't know what the Lord is going to happen."

Neither does Kevin MacNeil, president of the Cape Breton Labor Council, although he does predict things will get worse. MacNeil believes the heavy water plants will close in March. And even if the government upgrades the steel plant, he says, the workforce will stay at its present level because there are no plans to expand steel production. "People are starting to realize that it's not temporary layoffs," he says. "Jobs are vanishing."

As welfare rolls swell, MacNeil says, "politicians are going to respond in their usual way and scapegoat a lot of people and cut them off social assistance, turn them loose and let them try to fend for themselves to keep the costs down. What that's going to mean in the long run, I don't know."

In Winston MacPhail's kitchen, Anne MacPhail talks wistfully of making it big at the bingo, or maybe in the next lottery. "That's all you can hope for," she says. Her husband figures there's no point in talking about going down the road: The good, old job-hunting grounds in Ontario and points west aren't what they used to be. "There's no jobs anywhere," he says. "I know fellows who went out west and the cost of living there is beyond reason, too. A lot of them came back. I don't know where to go. Stay and starve." He laughs. "That's the way it is."

—George Butters

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Goodbye, farmland. Hello, tourist town

P.E.I. Tories used to preach the virtues of preserving the Island's traditional, rural way of life. They've come a long way, baby

From the spotless kitchen of his 110-year-old, P.E.I. farmhouse, Hubert Sanderson gazes out to the blue waters of St. Peters Bay, where thousands of white floats marking mussel culture leases dance in the sunlight. "No, I don't think I'd set up farming again," Sanderson says quietly. "Especially with the milk — this quota business — it's very tough." Sanderson and his wife, Helen, who works at the co-op store in the nearby village of St. Peters, have decided to sell their 90 acres to Bert Evans, president of a B.C. real estate company. Their dairy and hog farm is in the middle of a proposed \$50-million tourist development Evans is planning. The P.E.I. cabinet recently gave the project conditional approval; one of the conditions is that Evans must first buy the Sanderson property. Although the deal isn't final ("The offer was too low to even talk about," Sanderson says bitterly), there seems little doubt that the Sandersons will soon be leaving their farm.

The cabinet's decision marks a major departure for the Tory government from the days when former premier Angus MacLean preached the virtues of revitalizing the Island's traditional rural communities and preserving the family farm. Evans' proposed development will cover 1,490 acres in the north shore community of Greenwich, taking in one of the most spectacular sand dune ecosystems on the Island. The dunes, stretching about 6 km along the northern shore of the Greenwich peninsula, tower as high as 12 m, knit together by the delicate roots of marram grass. They give way to marshy wetlands, a home to birds, foxes and other small animals. The beach beyond the dunes stretches for mile on mile of hard-packed white sand. A few miles to the east, the frame houses of St. Peters sit surrounded by quiet farmland.

At present, tourism doesn't play a big part in the economy of the area. Although there's a provincial campsite overlooking the village, you can't see the dunes from the main road, and most tourists drive by, headed for the beaches at Cavendish. If the development goes ahead, all this will change.

Preliminary plans are to build 400 condominiums; a 200-unit hotel or motel with swimming pools, tennis and squash courts and restaurants; an 18-hole golf course; a 3,500-foot airstrip for small private planes and a marina with floating docks. Evans plans to form a corporation with three other B.C. residents,

and two from Seattle, Wash. "We don't have the ability to assemble that amount of land out here," Evans says. "We could in P.E.I., because of your land values."

Although Evans now has the green light he's been waiting for 10 years to get, he says that because of the recession, he's in no hurry. He expects each condominium will sell for about \$200,000, and plans to sell them before starting any construction. "It will be at least 1984 before there's a turnaround," he says. "We're just working quietly away at it, doing planning."

Meanwhile, the proposal has been provoking a storm of protest on the Island. In an editorial in the local weekly newspaper, *The Eastern Graphic*, publisher Jim MacNeill accused the government of selling out. "The development will give few permanent decent paying jobs to Islanders, but a massive handout to the developer," he said.

History professor David Weale, principal secretary to Angus MacLean when he was premier, says cabinet approval for the project "represents a betrayal of the Conservative party's own policy. Unfortunately, one of the people in cabinet who was always in favor of [the Greenwich development] is the present premier [former real estate salesman Jim Lee]."

MacNeill agrees. "When MacLean was there, many of those guys followed his line," he says. "It was a ploy to get elected, to show they were different from the Liberals. Once he was gone, they were able to revert back to being what politicians on the Island have always been. They're prepared to deal with promoters."

Under MacLean's leadership, the Tories talked of the virtues of the small, mixed, family-owned farm, alternate energy, rural life. A moratorium on shopping mall development, a program of assistance for small and part-time farmers and legislation limiting land ownership all reinforced the Island's image as a rural haven. Much of the Island's tourist promotion is based on this image. But the rural renaissance just hasn't happened. The number of active farms on the Island continues to drop; their average size continues to grow. In communities like St. Peters, the population has dwindled over the years, as young people move away to seek opportunities elsewhere.

The provincial government hopes the Greenwich development, with its massive

infusion of dollars, will turn things around for St. Peters. Second Kings MLA Roddy Pratt, a Conservative, says he's "delighted" the project has received conditional approval. "Jobs is one reason," he says. "They won't all be top-line jobs, but at one time that was a very thriving little community. Now it's just a vacancy there. We can just see our nice little community going to pieces, with buildings falling in."

"I'm interested in viable communities," says Community Affairs Minister Gordon Lank. "If we want to be able to have our families stay on the Island, we have to look at some new things. Farming and fishing are very, very important, but they can exist together comfortably with tourism."

In 1981, Michael Simmons, a Halifax-based consultant, did an environmental impact study of the project to assess just how comfortable that co-existence would be. His report predicted an annual increase in public revenue of about \$1.75 million. Construction work would create about 1,000 man-years of work, but most jobs would go to Charlottetown or out-of-province workers. Between 125 and 140 man-years of work, generally low-paid, service jobs, would remain when the project was fully operational, and an expected \$1 million would go to the regional economy. Simmons also predicted that the fragile dunes at Greenwich would suffer less environmental damage from the development than have similar dunes at Cavendish.

But the Island Nature Trust and the Canadian Society of Environmental Biologists worry that the influx of tourists would severely harm the dune's ecosystem and are critical of the environmental impact study. "We felt there were a lot of questions raised and no solutions found," says Island Nature Trust president Daryl Guignon, a biologist who lives in Green Meadows. "For example there are records of the piping plover [a threatened bird species] nesting in the area, but there's nothing about a management plan to help them." Guignon says Simmons' comparison with the Cavendish dune system is not valid, because the P.E.I. National Park has money and manpower to control damage to the dunes. "Another thing that has bothered us is, Will there be an attempt to control the insect pests? This would have a very negative effect on wildlife, and we don't want to see that happen. We'd like to know in advance."

The National Farmers' Union (NFU) opposes the development on the grounds that it will use up farmland. Evans owns the sand dunes; to allow this area to remain unmolested, the provincial govern-

ment has agreed to swap it for adjacent provincially owned agricultural land, bought by the publicly owned Land Development Corporation. "The LDC was set up to protect that land for future farmers," says NFU official Reg Phelan, who farms in the St. Peters area. "It weakens the whole structure, to give it away for development purposes. That's excellent agricultural land. If the politicians would take some steps to make sure we could make a living out of farming, the Island economy would be booming."

Retired farmer John S. Sutherland of Greenwich also objects to the proposed swap. "The government is giving away land it wouldn't sell to other farmers," Sutherland says. "I'm definitely against it. It will escalate the price of land and increase taxes as well."

LeRoy MacKenzie and Norbert Palmer, lobster fishermen, collectors of Irish moss and part-time trappers, say they're not interested in jobs the development might offer. And they're worried it may restrict access to their various enterprises. "I'm absolutely against it in every way," MacKenzie says. Palmer says mossers can make up to \$1,000 a week, and he doesn't want his business interfered with. "I think most people would sooner be their own boss," he says. "That's the tradition of this area."

Some St. Peters residents fear that the influx of up to 2,000 wealthy people into their small community will create unwanted changes in its social structure. "You move 2,000 people, wealthy people used to being waited on, into an area of three or four hundred population," Phelan says. "I hate to think about the future. It would have an incredible impact on traditional leadership patterns."

Those supporting the project say St. Peters will continue to die without it. "I'd like to see the town come back," says Hubert Sanderson. "This development could offer far more jobs than I can on my 90 acres."

"As far as employment goes, I suppose it would be fantastic," says Claire MacKinnon, manager of the St. Peters Co-op. "And I'd certainly appreciate it as far as the business goes. There used to be at least seven stores in St. Peters. Now there's just the one. It's stable, but I wonder for how long? If the older people die off, who's left?"

David Weale says the future is there, in things such as farming, mussel culture and fishing. Jim MacNeill says a reversal in the fortunes of rural P.E.I. will come "from individuals, not from government." And Claire MacKinnon says people should support their own small communities. "We don't need that big development to survive."

As consultant Simmons observes, there's no doubt the Greenwich project would change the community. Islanders simply have to make up their minds, he says, whether they want that change.

That, apparently, is a decision Premier Lee's Tories already have made.

—Susan Mahoney



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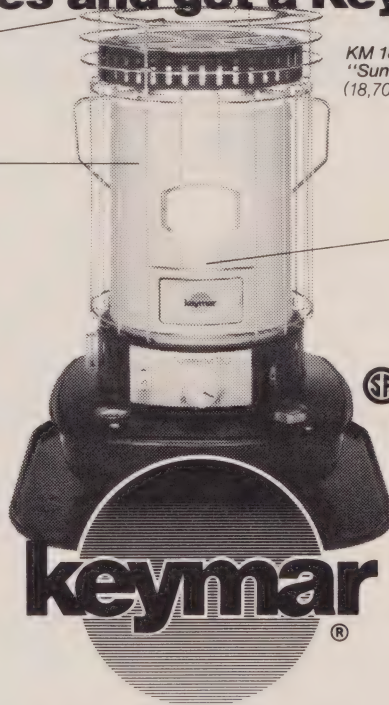
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An uneasy truce behind grim, grey walls

Overcrowded, ancient and dangerous, Dorchester Penitentiary now is going through a period of relative calm. But, as Ottawa once again postpones improvements to the prison, the threat of violence hangs in the air

Dorchester Penitentiary, especially in the steel grip of February, is not a pleasant place. It's a 19th-century fortress, a grim, stone face turned to the bleak and windswept expanse of snow-covered Memramcook marshes.

During the Seventies, violence at the region's only maximum-security prison earned it a reputation as one of Canada's most dangerous prisons. Now, a fragile stability has returned to Dorchester. Two years after a hostage-taking left prison guard Bill Morrison shot dead, inmates have turned to a more savvy and sophisticated "paper war," to force officials to make good on oft-repeated promises to improve Dorchester's 455 cells — dank and chill "concrete drums," in inmates' eyes — and its limited facilities and rehabilitation programs.

But, with recession biting deeply into Ottawa's revenues, and administrators looking for corners to cut, the outlook

says Warden Eugene Niles. "He is sentenced here to protect society."

By law, he says, an inmate "has the same rights as you and I, with the exception of two: He is not entitled to vote, and he's not entitled to freedom. He is entitled to shelter, protection from physical harm, medical and dental treatment, and to recreation and amenities."

How well Dorchester's dungeon-like structure meets even the more basic of those entitlements is open to question. The facility has some of the smallest cells in the federal corrections system, a scant five feet by nine. It lacks a communal dining hall. Its gymnasium and exercise yard are among the smallest of Canada's major penitentiaries.

"The cells are cold in winter," remembers a recently released inmate. "There's frost on the walls. The showers are dirty. There's bugs, silverfish around the sink. The joint is crowded, and they

And, at roughly \$41,000 an inmate annually, Dorchester is not inexpensive. Even without improvements, costs seem bound to rise: Hard times have increased prison populations steadily. Already, Dorchester holds as many as 35 young, often teenage, offenders waiting for space in the filled-to-capacity Springhill, N.S., medium-security institution.

Various explanations have been given for the relative calm Dorchester is enjoying. Some give credit to the present warden. Niles, who retired from the armed forces as a lieutenant colonel in 1977, has been in the job for only 20 months. But he has won respect for making decisions openly, and sticking to them with firmness.

More significant, perhaps, is the change in the character of inmates themselves. Twenty years ago, when education officer Ross Monk began working at Dorchester, most inmates were Maritimers. Perhaps a third were illiterate. Today, he says, many have experience in other federal prisons. All are better informed. "You're talking about an educated, articulate guy, who can make his point to you. They're not dummies."

His thoughts echo those of Al Plack-tiss, 26-year-old chairman of the Dorchester Inmate Committee, a westerner who spent time in three other federal penitentiaries before being sent here to finish a 10-year term.

"We're not stupid anymore," Plack-tiss says. "You've got intelligent guys in here. Inmates can be political, too. All we have to do is write to Ottawa and it's all written down — what we're entitled to."

Dorchester's warden is aware of the impending squeeze between dwindling resources and prisoners' demands, many of them rooted in legal rights and clear federal policy. "If we cannot meet those demands," Niles says, "it will make for a much more dangerous situation."

Plack-tiss agrees. "You don't give somebody something just to take it away," he says. "It could become pretty violent."

Writing to Ottawa may vent the "joint's" frustrations. It may even prod the bureaucracy into action. But if words fail, it's not hard to imagine what the alternative will be. The anticipation of violence can be read in the very fabric of Dorchester: In the tear gas canisters in the armory; the strip-searches and body-cavity searches that sometimes follow contact with visitors; the steel lattice gun-cages, high on the walls.

—Chris Wood



Behind 20-foot stone walls are 455 small, dank and chilly cells

for improvements is not bright. The threat of renewed violence is a continuing, unstated presence.

Since 1880, Dorchester has been the Maritimes' (and, since 1949, Newfoundland's) repository for criminals doing "hard federal time." A man who rapes a woman in Saint John, another who kills his brother on Prince Edward Island, career break-and-enter artists from Halifax — all have ended up behind its 20-foot stone walls topped with electric cable and double-barbed security wire.

The pitiless stone face of the old prison's main block was designed to inspire a healthy dread of punishment in the minds of Victorian criminals. Its effect has not changed much. "I was terrified, from the minute I went in until I got out," a frequent volunteer visitor recalls of the mid-Seventies, when riots and major disturbances were frequent.

The public may believe a criminal is sent here for punishment. "He is not,"

[the inmates] have nothing to do. I looked over my shoulder until the day I left. You got to."

Dorchester's forbidding presence so intimidated that young inmate's family, they virtually stopped visiting him. But improvements would be expensive, replacement even more so. And Ottawa's highly publicized good intentions, in the wake of a 1977 parliamentary committee report on the "crisis" in Canada's penitentiaries, have largely been forgotten as the economy declined.

A commitment to build 24 new prisons — at up to \$40 million apiece — to replace by 1979 mouldering fortresses such as Dorchester and Ontario's Kingston Pen went unfulfilled. More recently, \$7.2 million in planned repairs at Dorchester (which would have modernized the institution's inadequate heating system) were postponed.

Further cuts perhaps to existing programs and staff, may also be on the way. Corrections Canada spent much of last fall reviewing prison budgets.

Laying Joey's ghost

Newfoundland Liberals hope they can revive their ailing party by making voters forget about the bad years of the Smallwood regime. Considering the party's leadership choices so far, that could be difficult

Steve Neary, puffing on a fat cigar, leans back on the sofa in his St. John's office and talks about Joey Smallwood, born-again Liberals and winning the next election. The silver-haired, soft-spoken Neary is the latest in a procession of Newfoundland Liberal party leaders since Smallwood's scandal-tainted government collapsed a decade ago. But although the party is at an all-time low in popularity, Neary predicts the tide will turn soon. "It's taken us 10 years to recover from the Smallwood stigma," he says, "but I think we've done it. I'm amazed at all the born-again Liberals that are starting to surface."

Ironically, some party organizers believe that Neary himself is part of the Liberals' problem in Newfoundland, because he's so closely associated with the bad, old, Joey days. To rebuild the party machine, younger members say, the Liberals must acquire a fresh, new look. With their present leadership prospects, that could be difficult.

The two front runners for the leadership — to be decided at a convention next year — are the same old faces that were part of the Liberal downhill slide 10 years ago. Neary, 57, appointed interim leader by the Liberal caucus last year, is the longest-sitting member of the legislature. A former mining company employee, he's been a full-time politician for 16 years. He was a backbencher and then a minister without portfolio during Smallwood's final years in power. And he's already run twice for the party leadership.

The man who defeated him for the leadership in 1974 was lawyer Ed Roberts, 42. He's a well-respected politician, and, unlike Neary, he's always won his seat with a clear majority. But he's also strangled by the Smallwood albatross. He was first elected to the legislature in 1966 and served as Welfare minister in Smallwood's government.

The Liberals have another year to come up with a new face. But some party insiders doubt that even that would counteract voters' deep resentment of the Liberal party. In 1979, the Liberals persuaded Don Jamieson, Newfoundland's most successful federal politician, to come home to lead them into a provincial election. The Liberals lost, 33 to 19, and Jamieson resigned from politics 18 months later. The strategy failed again in 1982, when Len Stirling, a relative new-

comer, led the party into another provincial election. He lost his own seat, and the party's standing in the legislature dropped to a post-Confederation low of eight seats.

Today, from behind his cloud of cigar smoke, Neary tries to analyse what went wrong. He believes the Liberals would still be in power if Smallwood had resigned in 1968 when he said he was going to. Instead, the former premier hung on, defeating John Crosbie in the 1969 Liberal leadership race and, in the process, splitting the party. Crosbie, now a member of Parliament, defected to the Tories, taking with him his energetic campaign manager, Brian Peckford. Alex Hickman, Smallwood's Justice minister, also crossed the floor, as did three other cabinet ministers and two backbenchers. (Crosbie says Smallwood actually fired him and another cabinet minister who threatened to resign over a policy dispute: Joey had their chairs moved to the other side of the House and screwed to the floor.)

At the time of the party split in the late Sixties, the government was in trouble. Unemployment was at its highest level since Confederation. Welfare recipients were marching on the legislature. And Smallwood was under attack for concessions to industrialists John

Shaheen and John C. Doyle, who had both launched multimillion-dollar disasters in Newfoundland — the Come By Chance refinery and the linerboard mill in Stephenville. The failure of both enterprises in the early Seventies, and their subsequent takeover by the government, left a lasting impression on people's minds and pocketbooks. Crosbie predicts it will be years before the Liberal party recovers.

But Neary insists that the stigma has worn off and that the same arrogance that destroyed Smallwood's government will topple Peckford. Like Smallwood, Neary says, Peckford is overbearing and carried away by his own importance — traits that result from winning too large a majority. (Both premiers have had landslide election victories, Smallwood in 1966 and Peckford in 1982.) "Most people won't admit it," Neary says, "but I think they recognize the similarities between the two."

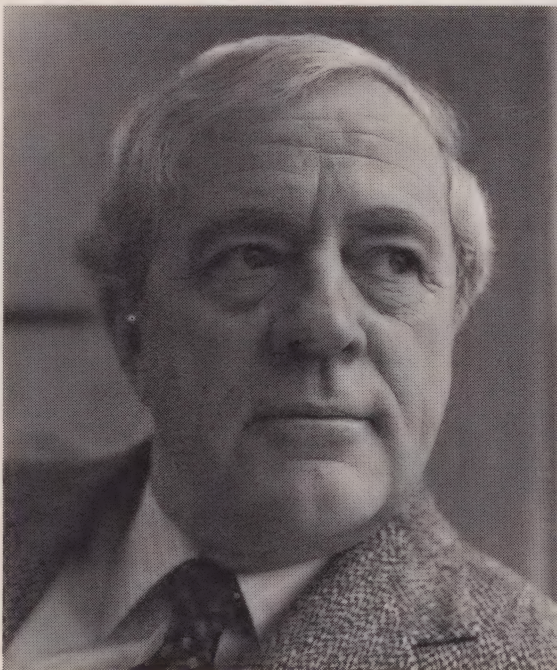
Smallwood blames the Liberals' defeat on voter fickleness. Pointing to landslide victories won by former prime minister John Diefenbaker and former U.S. president Richard Nixon, he says, "Politicians can just as easily be booted out."

The Liberals lost 19 seats in the 1971 election and another 10 in a provincial election just five months later. Ed Roberts says their problem since then has been that no one knows what the party stands for.

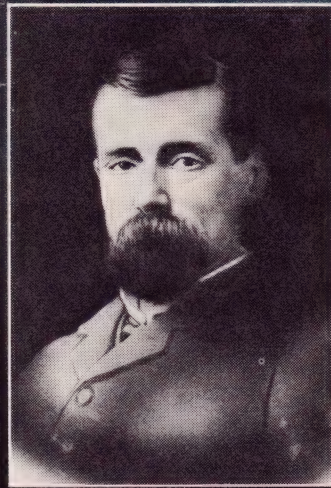
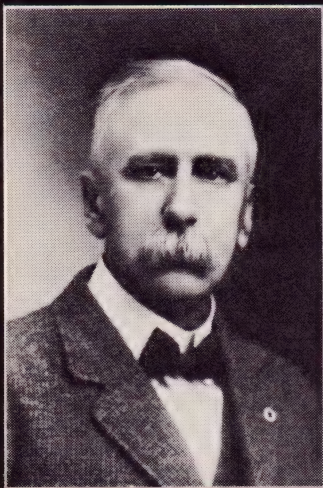
"When Joey was premier, everyone knew what his policies were — in fact, he was the Liberal party," he says. "But now people just look at us as Ottawa's lackeys." Although he disapproves of Peckford's fervent Newfoundland nationalism, he says, it at least gave people something to vote for. Anti-Trudeau sentiment also helped the Tories.

Roberts maintains that the party leader's qualities won't be the deciding factor in the next election. But history — and the opinion of many other party members — doesn't bear that out. For 23 years, the Liberal party was virtually uncontested in Newfoundland because of the strength of one man, Joey Smallwood. (Now 82, he says he'd take on the leadership again if he were 10 years younger.) And the Tory premier is a man with many of Smallwood's qualities — an energetic idealist with spellbinding speaking ability. If the Liberals hope to defeat him, they'll need a leader with some of Smallwood's legendary strength — but without the failings that left the party in the shambles it's in today.

—Bonnie Woodworth



Neary: Some say he's part of the problem



Founder James H. Ganong (upper right); brother Gilbert W. Ganong (left); plant worker Darlene Whittier

The sweet, sweet smell of success

While other businesses falter in the recession, a little, old candy factory in St. Stephen, N.B., is outpacing the multinational giants of the confectionery industry. Its secret? Loyal employees. Teamwork. And lots of chocolate in the Chicken Bones

By David Folster

Jim Purcell is the man in charge of production for Ganong Bros. Ltd., the Lilliputian candy-makers from St. Stephen, N.B., who must compete in a world of corporate Gullivers, and he ought to be tough as hard tack. But he isn't. His twinkling eyes are one clue; another is the way, on a walking tour of the plant, he calls every employee by name. Or the way he explains his personal interest in an old Ganong standard — those nostalgic, gussied-up, heart-shaped boxes of valentine chocolates. Purcell, 47, who has been dubbed the Valentine King of Canada, still travels the country teaching salesmen how best to show their hearts to customers. "With all the hatred in the world today," he says, "it's nice to sell love."

People who tend to get heartburn from such sentimentality suggest that Ganong should get out of its Norman Rockwell world of hearts and flowers and cater to modern tastes. But this is no ordinary company. Its president,

39-year-old David Ganong, concedes, "The economic logic for this enterprise existing just isn't there." But with 250 employees, 300 different product lines and an international reputation for quality, Ganong has given tiny St. Stephen (population: 5,200) an economic



Canada's Valentine King, Jim Purcell

base as solid as...well...the big rock candy mountain. "We depend on Ganong's," says Mayor Doug Hansen. "If they folded, the town would survive, but it'd be difficult."

Last fall, as the country plunged deeper into recession and industries everywhere were closing or laying off workers, Ganong was still setting production records. In October, the company shipped more candy than ever before in a single month, and during November it established a new high for weekly production.

As Purcell observes, the Ganong company makes a big deal of St. Valentine's Day. Part of the reason is tradition — the company was, in 1932, the first to sell the valentine heart boxes — and part is business sense: U.S. market surveys show that St. Valentine's Day remains the day for giving boxed chocolates. "In spite of hard times one can always afford a box of candy," says vice-president Bill Cleghorn, "especially for a gift or special occasion." But the Ganong firm's long-term durability stems from other reasons, including a remarkable family, a spirit of teamwork and small-town neighborliness.

The company started in St. Stephen in 1872 as a small bakery and candy store

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

that sold fudge and candy kisses. Its founder was James H. Ganong; his other business interests included a cotton mill in nearby Milltown and the Surprise Soap Co., whose large yellow bars of soap remained familiar to Maritimers until the company folded after the Second World War.

When James died in 1888, his brother Gilbert took over the candy business. He also sat in the House of Commons and became New Brunswick's lieutenant-governor in 1917. But the Ganong who really established legends within the old factory was James's son Arthur. Joining the firm in 1896, and staying for the next 64 years, Arthur ate three pounds of candy a day, could detect a changed recipe at the drop of a teaspoon and, until just before his death at 83, was still bounding up the factory steps two at a time, laughing at younger employees who couldn't keep up the pace.

His brothers and sisters were no slouches, either. Susan Ganong bought and ran the Netherwood School for Girls in Rothesay, N.B. A brother was a university electrical engineering professor; another became a general manager of the Lever Brothers soap company, and a third, W.F. Ganong, an eminent botanist at Smith College in Northampton, Mass., spent 57 summers exploring his beloved New Brunswick and writing about its natural history.

All of this family history is fondly recalled today by the present patriarch, R. Whidden Ganong. He'd intended to be a soldier, attending Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont., for 2½ years before his father, Arthur, lured him home with a convincing argument about responsibility to the family, business and community. "He was right," he says. "I've never regretted it." Joining the company in 1927, he retired as president half a century later. He also became a part-time chicken farmer on "the most beautiful farm in N.B.," was the first president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, played an active role in sports such as baseball, tennis and curling, and served as St. Stephen's mayor for two years. He boosted his energy by picking up his father's candy habit — eating 1½ pounds a day.

With white hair, bright blue eyes and an easy laugh, Whidden Ganong, at 75, remains the most positive of men. Yet he attributes his accomplishments to "luck, all luck" and says he's so bashful he sometimes crosses the street to avoid meeting people. His wife worked at one of the handcrafting operations in the plant, dipping chocolates, and he courted her for 14 years before proposing. "Just couldn't get up enough nerve to ask her." Eleanor Ganong died last spring after a lengthy bout with cancer. "She was quite a girl," recalls her husband. "Two people couldn't have gotten along better. We were married 40 years and knew each other pretty well." He speaks with similar fondness about his

parents. "My mother was exceptionally talented, a great reader, and my father was my best friend. We played a game of tennis every noon and enjoyed hunting and fishing."

The Ganongs have always been great sportsmen, and it's a matter of corporate lore that the nut bars that Arthur and plant superintendent George Ensor made up for fishing trips prompted the company to introduce North America's first five-cent chocolate bar in 1910. The story is bittersweet, however. Whidden contends that U.S. candy-maker Walter Lowney discovered the Ganong bar while on a trip to Montreal, copied everything from mould to wrapper, and thereby got American credit for "inventing" the chocolate bar.

The Ganong company had better luck in claiming several other "firsts," however, including the first Canadian lollipops and that particular Maritime favorite, the cinnamon-covered, chocolate-centred Chicken Bone.

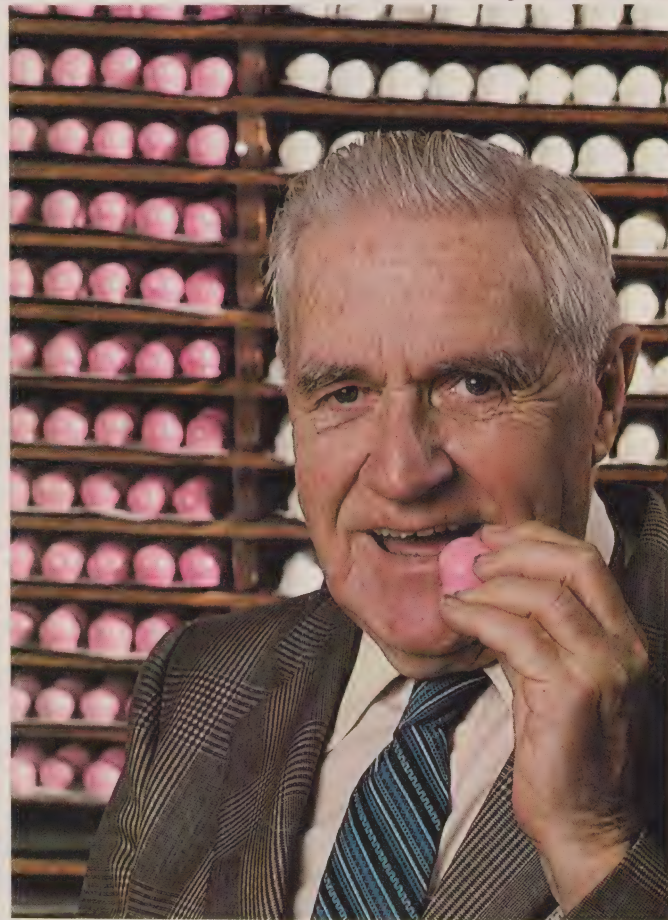
In the early years, the company sought out skilled craftsmen wherever it could find them. "We got the best candy-makers from all over the world," recalls Whidden. "They knew candy and used nothing but the best ingredients. That's when we got our tremendous reputation for quality." It was all hand work in those days, and the company imported production workers by the boatload. Between 1905 and 1907 it brought 150 girls from England, Scotland and Wales, and later it commissioned schooners to go to Newfoundland for workers. By the time Whidden joined the firm in the fall of 1927, the company had 750 employees. "The emphasis was on manufacturing then," he says. "Now it's on merchandising."

The company came to a crossroads in the candy business about a dozen years ago. Competitors were saying, probably correctly, that it was too old-fashioned to survive in a modern business world. "We inherited a high-quality product," David Ganong says, "but in the late Sixties it was obvious we had to reshape our marketing approach." In the fall of 1968, he went back to college to take a master's degree in business, with emphasis on marketing, at the University of Western

Ontario.

"I returned [to the company] in the spring of 1970 prepared to make changes. We all pulled together as a team, and our approach to the business became more aggressive." Besides making changes in marketing and advertising, the company decided to replace some of the old hand operations with machines. It bought a starch machine in Australia and a \$300,000 chocolate-enrobing machine. And, having done little direct advertising as recently as the Sixties, Ganong began running ads on radio and television and in national magazines.

The transition has been successful. In the Seventies, Ganong tripled its dollar sales. And when final figures are in for



Patriarch R. Whidden Ganong eats 1½ pounds of candy a day

1982, David Ganong says, "our growth will lead all the other confectionery businesses." That's not bad for a little, independent company — 90% owned by its own management and tucked away on the Maine border — whose competitors are giants such as Adams Brands, William Neilson Ltd., Rowntree Mackintosh and Hershey Foods.

Still, despite its modern business techniques, Ganong remains essentially a down-home company. Nothing says this more eloquently than the company's ancient red-brick factory, which sprawls back from St. Stephen's main drag, Milltown Boulevard. In another part of town Ganong does have a spanking new warehouse (on Chocolate Drive,

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COVER



Donald Hinsdale socks chocolate to Chicken Bones

naturally), but the old factory, with its long windows, hardwood floors, and sweet, sweet smells, is where the action is.

In the offices at the front, visions of sugar plums dance through management heads. They include facts about regional tastes — that, for example, gumdrops are a big favorite in Quebec, jellied jubebes popular in western Canada, and peppermints a hot item in New Brunswick. The days are long gone when Ganong had 1,000 different candy lines and brought out three new “penny goods” each month. But, Purcell says, “we’re constantly trying out new things. If one person develops a new formula for a product, we give it a try.”

For anyone with a sweet tooth, the plant beyond the corporate offices is a fantasyland. On the top floor are two immense “hot tubs,” each filled with 2,000 pounds of swirling chocolate that is gravity-fed to the lower floors. On one of these floors sits the 96-foot-long chocolate enrobing machine where candy centres go in at one end and emerge coated with chocolate and ready for packing at the other. Near another chocolate machine, four women work at “hand stringing” the pieces, each dipping a finger in a pot of chocolate and swirling it on top of the candies as they pass by. “I enjoy it,” Betty Tozer, a Ganong employee for 19 years, says. “I never get tired of it.”

Elsewhere in the factory, which has had 14 additions over the years, are copper cauldrons of bubbling nougat, fondant and fudge, and spinning drums resembling cement mixers in which candies are polished, oiled and coated with sugar. The lozenge department, white from top to bottom with starch used to prevent sticking, looks like the North Pole. And, in the room



Marie Robinson swirls chocolate on top of candies

where he’s been making the famous Chicken Bones for the past decade, Donald Hinsdale, a 25-year veteran with the company, explains why the handmade Ganong variety surpasses the competition’s machine-made bones. When made by machine, he says, they have just a thin chocolate centre and a thick cinnamon cover. At Ganong, Hinsdale pours “real bitter chocolate” into the centre of what looks like 10 feet of pink taffy. Hinsdale works the mass until the chocolate is completely covered, then feeds the candy into a machine that cuts it to chicken-bone size. It’s a fine art to ensure that no pieces go through minus their chocolate centres. Does he ever make mistakes? “Sure,” says Hinsdale, “doesn’t everybody?”

The place has a definite atmosphere of team spirit — perhaps because so many of the firm’s managers participated in team sports. (Vice-president of finance Bill Cleghorn, for example, a star centre fielder and baseball coach in his day, hired Jim Purcell because his team needed a hard-hitting first baseman.) The collective attitude is summed up by a veteran salesman who says, “You don’t work for Ganong’s, you work with them.” One hallmark of the company over the years has been the length of time it keeps its staff: Three New Brunswick salesmen have more than 86 years combined service with the firm; a woman on the production line matter-of-factly relates that she’s been there 37 years; Purcell, with the company more than 23 years, mentions four sisters who ran up a remarkable total of 150 years before retiring. Full-time wages at the plant, David Ganong says, are well above the minimum wage. And the company, which is still non-unionized (employees have never tried to form a union), imple-



Margaret Shaughnessy finishes off a valentine box

mented pension and group insurance plans long before they became widespread corporate practice. In return, “our employees are willing to go the extra mile for us,” David Ganong says. “The multinationals don’t have that kind of support.” He says this factor and the company’s continuing emphasis on “people and not machines,” which gives it a greater flexibility in production, is why, in a business where there’ve been many mergers and takeovers, Ganong has remained independent as taffy and pure as the driven peppermint.

It also remains popular in its home town. “Both the Ganong family and the company are community-minded,” says Mayor Hansen, citing in particular their “enormous contribution” to sports in St. Stephen. At the offices of the weekly *Saint Croix Courier*, reporter Don Richardson, 22, says a local axiom is that if you live in St. Stephen long enough, you’re sure to work at Ganong. “In a way, the people of St. Stephen are the company’s best sales people. They push the Ganong products everywhere.” Another reporter, Reed Haley, says he sends a bucket of Chicken Bones to Texas and several boxes of chocolates to Calgary every Christmas.

In the end, the Ganong story is about an anachronism that works. A scene in the factory one day late last November says it all. Clusters of chocolates were moving along a packing belt, and white-frosted workers were inserting them in trays for valentine boxes. All except one worker. Madeline Hiltz was fussing with the bright-colored bow on one of the boxes. “It had a bit of black on it,” she explained, “but it’s OK now.” The box was one of thousands Ganong produced for this St. Valentine’s Day, but Hiltz just had to get it right. Now that’s love. ☑

SPORTS

The fabulous, fighting Hilton family

It all started when a young man from Edmundston, N.B., first stepped into a ring at Amherst, N.S. David Hilton went on to become a featherweight champion. And now he's chief of a clan of some of the best young boxers in Canada

By James Quig

Jean Hilton figures it's the blood; how else do you explain her fighting family? Take David, her husband. He started out in Edmundston, N.B., and fought his first bout as a flyweight in Amherst, N.S. Then he went on to fight 209 more, winning all but 14. And that's only the battles he had in the ring.

Now there's David Hilton Jr., 18 — 145 wins, two losses; the number one contender for the Canadian professional welterweight crown.

And Alex Hilton, 17 — 110 fights, one loss. Ranked third among Canada's professional middleweights.

And Matthew Hilton, 17, who just had a birthday and turned pro in January. One hundred and six amateur fights. Won 'em all.

And Stewart Hilton, 14 — 35 wins, three losses.

And little Jimmy Hilton, 10, who weighs in at just 85 pounds, looks like the little guy on *Leave It to Beaver* but already has seven fights under his belt. "They call them exhibitions at that age," explains his father. "But he won them all."

The Hiltons also have a daughter; she married a boxer.

"It's in their blood for sure," Jean says, "because Jimmy was punching as soon as he could walk. I couldn't hang anything out on the clothesline without him punching it all to heck." Jean, who was born in Halifax but lives in Montreal now with her clan of punchers, says she and Davey tried to get the boys interested in other sports.

"I spent a fortune on skates, hockey and baseball gear," her husband says. But the interest wasn't there. The kids just wanted to fight.

The Hiltons live in a large, beautiful flat in Montreal's French-speaking

The Hiltons: Front, left to right, Matthew, Stewart; rear, Davey, Jimmy, Alex



PHOTOS BY BERNARD BOHN

east end. Trophies, paintings and photographs of the Hiltons in violent action cover the walls. "We need a big place with our crew," Jean says. "We always seem to have two or three young fighters staying with us in addition to our own." Davey blames the *Rocky* films for some of that. "New kids seem to show up after each new film. We've seen them all ourselves, too."

The very polite Hilton boys don't seem like tough guys. They all seem so small, so young, so cute. But between them, these kids have taken part in 409 organized slugfests.

Davey junior is here with Anna-Maria, his new wife, whom he met at the gym (her little brothers are boxers). Davey and Anna-Maria have an apartment nearby, but Davey senior, the family trainer, isn't allowing the young couple to live together — or sleep together — these days because the boy has another big fight coming up in a few weeks.

"No marital relations three weeks before a fight," says the father.

Davey junior kisses his pregnant wife on the neck. Once, twice, three times.

"Five weeks if you don't behave yourself," threatens the trainer. A boxer has to feel mean and vicious when he steps into the ring.

Davey senior used to be the boys' sparring partner, as well. Not anymore. "They hit too hard now. Just like I used to tell them when it was time to go to bed. Now I ask."

"Diet is another thing we have to watch," says their mother. "They eat nothing but hard foods. You know... steak, chicken, fish, salads, fresh fruit. No junk food around here."

Matthew, who has a sweet tooth, recently started putting on weight in places he wasn't supposed to. His father was confused. "No matter how much we watched his diet, he kept putting on more pounds." Then one day, a family friend mentioned the boy's fondness for doughnuts. "Doughnuts? What do you mean doughnuts? He has a fight coming up. He's in training." He was also, squealed the friend, over at the Dunkin' Doughnut shop every day. Matthew blushes and everybody has a good laugh.

Davey senior's first fight was at the Catholic Youth Centre in Amherst, where his family lived at the time. "My father — he fought amateur — was a steeplejack and we moved around a lot." In the dressing room for the pre-fight weigh-in, he was scared stiff. "Just a kid, eh. Fighting in swim trunks and running shoes. No proper gear or anything like that."

He also didn't know who, among the fighters in the room, his opponent was. "So I just sat there waiting for them to call our names. Finally, there were only two boxers left. Me and this other big guy. At least he looked big to me. And hairy. I figured anyone with that much hair had to be a lot older — and a lot more experienced. He was wearing real

boxing shoes and trunks. And his hands were bandaged to make them tougher. Just like a real pro."

The ring announcer introduced the fighters. The bell rang.

"I ran across the ring, hit him on the chin and knocked him cold."

Davey went on to hold the featherweight championship of Canada between 1958 and 1965, and he retired undefeated from that division. He also won the junior middleweight title in Quebec City in 1972 and held that title for three years undefeated.

Once, Davey senior recalls, he fought Halifax fighter Buddy Daye, knocking him out in 45 seconds. "Halifax, Moncton, Saint John, Africa, Jamaica, I fought in all those places. Fought three world champs in all. Billy Backus, the welterweight champ, I fought in Syracuse. I had him down twice but he beat me on a cut. Louis Rodriguez, another welterweight world champ, beat me on a 10-round decision in Miami Beach. Kid Bassey, the featherweight, I fought in Saint John. I won the decision but it wasn't a title fight."

Davey Hilton was also the Golden Gloves champ of Texas, Kentucky and Tennessee. "That's when I got to know Muhammed Ali, who was Cassius Clay at the time and a year younger than me. He writes about me on page 96 of his book." Ali remembered Hilton as one of several young boxers for whom winning Golden Gloves championships meant getting the "master's degrees they needed for professional work."

In the Hiltons' living room, the conversation turns to the dangers of professional boxing. Late last year, a visitor points out, South Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim died following a fight with Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini. "Didn't that scare you as boxers? And as parents? People die in the ring."

The Hiltons aren't impressed. The boys have nothing at all to say about dying. They've never even been really hurt yet.

"Sure, we think about it when it happens," their father says. "But people get killed all over the place. They just play it up more when it's boxing." The Kim-

Mancini fight, he observes, "was all toe-to-toe slugging. No defence at all. I never fought like that and neither do my boys. They don't lead with their chins. They aren't catchers [boxers who catch a lot of punches]. I wouldn't let them fight at all if they were catchers. And any time they want to quit is fine by me. I think they all have the ability to be good pros but that's up to them."

He says it isn't always easy to please the fans. "If I move the boys too fast, people say I'm a greedy father out to make a buck with them. If I select easier opponents, people say I'm a father who is looking for easy wins. You can't win."

Some fans believe the Hiltons turn professional too young. The rules say



Papa Dave: Fighting's in their blood... for sure

pro boxers must be 18, but the Hiltons, because of their long and winning amateur records, get special permission to fight for money at 17.

"They aren't rich yet," one gym owner says. "But they are very, very good, and can you imagine the crowd at the Montreal Forum when there are three — or more — Hilton brothers on the card?"

Still, there are those who believe the boys should stay in school longer, remain in the amateur ranks and represent Canada in the 1984 Olympics. Montreal sportswriter Tim Burke was disappointed when Davey junior and Alex turned professional, and unhappy to hear that Matthew is following in their footsteps.

"Matty Hilton may be the best

SPORTS

amateur fighter ever turned out in this country," Burke wrote in *The Gazette*. "He is one of the greatest young fighters ever." Burke believed Matthew should represent Canada in the Olympics. But Matthew wants to be with his brothers. And they're pros.

"They want to be together," Jean says. "That means fighting together, too."

Last year, Matthew fought two bouts in four days in South Carolina. He won both, but he didn't enjoy being on the road without the rest of the family. As a professional trainer, Davey senior can't work the corners in amateur fights. "It wasn't the same without my father in the corner," Matthew says. "Not as much fun."

"One of his opponents didn't show up down there, and they put him in with a fighter who was 10 pounds heavier," his father says. "I didn't like that. It wouldn't have happened had I been there. My boys are good, but they are athletes not supermen."

In the gym, David Hilton watches his boys shadow-box, skip rope and punch bags, and remarks that he hopes they never get the kind of reputation he earned. He was a champ — but he was known as much for his fights out of the ring. He drank a bit, he wasn't very big, and "there was al-

ways somebody around who'd take one look at me and say, 'That's Davey Hilton and he doesn't look so tough to me.' " He wasn't always able to look the other way. Or turn the other cheek. "And every time one of my friends got into a scrap they'd call on me to finish it."

Professional boxers, he concedes, aren't supposed to do that sort of thing. "I'm just not the same when I drink."

Little Jimmy is throwing punches at his image in a big mirror. Stewart is practising haymakers on the heavy bag near the poster of Joe Frazier. Matthew is doing situps. Davey junior and Alex are sparring in the ring.

"They are quite a family," says Richard Hébert, 25, a professional welterweight who also works as a policeman in suburban Laval. "They have a lot of talent and a lot of courage."

"Take it easy, take it easy," hollers their father. "Nothing crazy in there." He doesn't want Alex and Davey to hurt

themselves. "You have to watch them," he says. "Sometimes two brothers go at it harder than strangers."

A phone rings in the gym office. It's for Alex, who has just finished sparring with his brother, and who says he'll take the call on the extension near the ring. His father isn't at all happy about that.

"Who was that?" he demands after the boy hangs up.

"Just some girl."

"That's not allowed. You've got a fight coming up. No calls. No girls. You're either going to be a six-round fighter or a champ. You have to be mean and vicious."

"But I didn't call her, Dad. She called me. She's always calling. Here and at the house."

Next time she called, Alex Hilton was

a knockout 'cause I just found a penny here under your table," says brother Stewart.

The bouncer allows some friends in so they can wish the boys luck.

"Hey Davey, go for the body, eh. Hard and fast."

"Hey Davey, go for the head. Always the head, eh Dave?"

"Loosen up, kid. You'll kill him."

"They're all waiting for you Alex. The place is jammed."

A boxing commission official initials Alex's bandages, attesting that his hands were taped according to the rules.

Alex is dancing around the room, throwing punches, warming up, looking much older, much larger and far more dangerous than he did sitting on the chesterfield at home.

They're banging at the door. "You're on, Alex."

The trainers have just finished applying grease to his body. The grease helps the punches slip off, somebody explains.

"Don't forget to stick some up his nose," shouts Davey senior, busy taping his eldest son's hands. Then he kisses Alex. Davey junior, Matthew, Stewart and Jimmy do the same.

Alex's opponent is Marty Cole, a fighter from Nova Scotia. One minute and three seconds into the fourth round, Cole's corner admits defeat. The large

crowd cheers. The Hiltons are big favorites in Montreal. Alex runs back to the dressing room, kisses everybody again, tells reporters it was his toughest fight but, no, "he didn't hurt me at all."

When Davey junior enters the ring, they're playing the theme from *Rocky* over the loudspeakers. His opponent, Jean-Paul Pétrin of Hull, Que., removes his silk gown. Just for laughs, he's wearing a bullet-proof vest. The Hiltons, it seems, have been telling reporters Davey's going for the body. The crowd loves it. Even Davey junior smiles broadly.

But his father resents the joke. He calls it intimidation. When Pétrin gets close to the Hilton corner, Davey senior tells him to shove off or he'll knock him out himself. Right now.

He doesn't have to. His boy does it for him at 1:08 of the sixth round. The victory party that follows is the kind of celebration the fighting Hiltons have learned to love — and expect. ☒



The clan with Mama Jean: No junk food here

to tell her never to call again before a fight. "You got that clear?"

Like all these Hiltons, Alex wants to be a champ. So he agrees and heads for the speed bag.

Early this winter, the entire family gathers at Montreal's Paul Sauvé arena to watch Davey junior and Alex fight — even their grandmother, Ellen White, 78, originally from Blackville, N.B. ("She forgot her nerve pills and got pretty excited," Jean Hilton says later. "When the man in front of her stood up and blocked her view, she slammed him in the back.")

The Hiltons have their own dressing room. When their bouncer admits a reporter at 7:30 p.m., Davey junior is stretched out on a table, trying to relax. Over in the corner, his father is taping Alex's hands, turning them into bandaged weapons.

"Hey, Davey, you're going to win by

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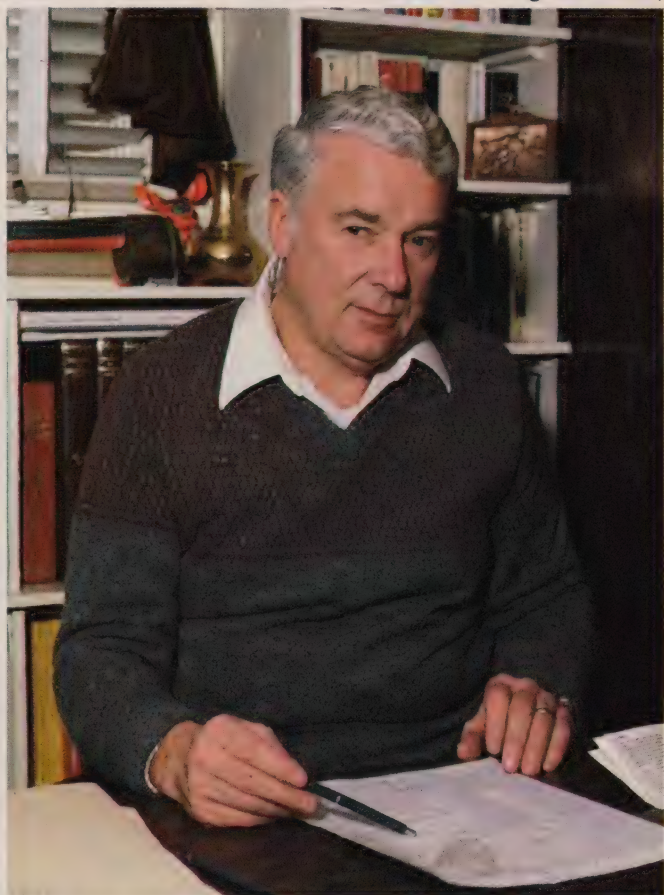
Margaret and Ralph Hennigar have a lot in common. She publishes the Lunenburg, N.S., *Progress Enterprise*; he publishes *The Bulletin* in Bridgewater. She's president of the 47-member Atlantic Community Newspaper Association. He's president of the 592-member Canadian Community Newspaper Association. Recently they both became town councillors in Mahone Bay. "We've agreed to disagree," Ralph says. "Both of us are quite independent." When they bought the Lunenburg paper and printing plant 15 years ago, the Hennigars were more interested in printing than publishing. Now that's changed. They say community newspapers are doing a good job. "They're a glimpse of what's happening in a community," says Ralph, who also practises law in Chester. "They're really the community backbone," says Margaret, who writes a weekly column about family life. When something bugs Ralph he cranks out a column: He's for herbicide spray and against government subsidies for businesses such as newspapers. For a while Margaret — once secretary to the publisher of Halifax's *Chronicle-Herald* — served as editor. Gradually, she brightened the *Progress Enterprise*, added more pictures and local stories. But the two papers don't compete. It would be "almost impossible," she says, for weeklies to try to compete with each other, or with other media. Still, she says, "We don't do a bad job."

For Newfoundland actress and playwright **Rhonda Payne**, moving to Zambia will mean a chance to continue doing her brand of theatre. The eight-year veteran of the now-defunct Mummars Troupe recently won a scholarship to participate in a community theatre at Kabwe in Zambia's copper belt. "I'm nervous about going, you bet," says the frizzy-haired 33-year-old. "But it's a job and a challenge." Payne, who has a long list of successes under her belt with the Mummars, got her first taste of African theatre last summer in Halifax when she directed the play *Sizwe Bansi is Dead* at Dalhousie University. Her plans are to see the play through a high school tour of Nova Scotia in April and then she's off to Africa. "At first, I'm just going to be an observer," says Payne. "But if I'm asked to act or direct, then I'll jump in." For a decade, the Mummars Troupe humorously depicted Newfoundland's social and political life. In Kabwe, theatre is less entertainment and more education. Payne says the African villages surrounding Kabwe have a 64% illiteracy rate, and theatre is used to inform people about health problems, community sewer systems and the like. "People tell me Newfoundland is similar to a developing country, but they're fooling themselves. This is the Ritz compared to Zambia. Still, I want to go."

What started out as a winter hobby has turned into a lifetime project for **Captain Joseph Prim**, master of the CN Marine vessel *MV Ambrose Shea*. The veteran mariner is charting shipwrecks on Newfoundland's rocky coastline — a colossal task, considering more than 10,000 vessels went aground since John Cabot's arrival 483 years ago. In the past five years, Prim has pored over dusty files in the Newfoundland archives, traced government salvage records to Ottawa and come up with enough information to locate 4,000 of the wrecks. He plans to contribute most of his research to Joey Smallwood's *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*. "This is our heritage and unless someone takes on the job, we'll lose part of our past," Prim says. Some of it is already gone. Customs records, stored for years in a government registry office in downtown St. John's, were destroyed when Newfoundland joined Confederation in 1949. And old people who can still remember some of the tragedies are gradually dying off, their stories untold. Sitting in his den with one of his charts across his knees, Prim rhymes off some of the names — 1713, the iron-rigged sailing ship *Anglo Saxon* runs aground north of Cape Race, 237 lives lost; 1822, *HMS Drake* meets her doom, 400 lives lost; 1944, the destroyer *HMCS Valleyfield* is torpedoed and wrecked. "Treacherous weather conditions, poor navigation equipment and a low value on human life," were the main reasons for these disasters, Prim says. "The whole story will never be told, but this is a start."

Guy Gauvin of Moncton is a New Brunswick-style superman: He doesn't leap tall buildings in a single bound, but he does race up and down them a step at a time. Each weekday afternoon, after a full day on the job as a construction worker, Gauvin arrives at Moncton's 20-storey office building, Assumption Place. There, he races up and down the 325 steps between the first and 19th floors, not once but five

straight times without stopping. It doesn't take him long: His record time is 17 minutes, 17 seconds, and once a week he goes all out trying to break it. Occasionally he brings along friends, including some who've run in the Boston Marathon, but he soon leaves them gasping behind. On weekends, the relentless Gauvin keeps in tone by jogging 30 km to Shediac, a veritable piece of cake for him. "It's easy," he says, "because those stairs are a killer." Why does he inflict such punishment on himself? So that he can compete in the Gillette Challenge, an annual fitness event in Toronto that includes a race up the 1,815-foot CN Tower. The Challenge was cancelled last year, but Gauvin has been training this winter,



Prim: Charting shipwrecks on Newfoundland's rocky coast

expecting it to be resumed next summer. He even plans to double his daily trips to the top of Assumption Place in May. "I like it," he says. "It's fun." And, adds this 22-year-old who neither smokes nor drinks, "it keeps me out of trouble."

The latest in alternate-energy technology around Fredericton is the 1978 pickup truck that two local tinkers have adapted so that it runs on — get this — wood. **David McKinney** and **Lester Little** got a \$6,500 government grant and put in 300 hours of work converting the Ford half-ton to burn small cubes of wood in a boiler at the back and operate on the "wood gas" so produced. At a

speed of 50 miles an hour, the truck gets 20 miles to the bushel or, put another way, 2,500 miles on a cord of wood. Of course, nobody has tried to go *that* far with the vehicle, which is still in the experimental stage, and McKinney says it's probably more practical to use wood to run stationary engines, such as those that power irrigation pumps or sawmills, than automotive ones. That could change, though, "if gasoline were to go up to \$3 or \$4 a gallon or if a Middle East war broke out, and we were rationed on gas." Even then the drawbacks would include the fact that it takes 10 to



JOE STONE

McKinney: He gets 20 miles to the bushel

15 minutes to get the wood fibre flivver warmed up from a cold start. And the tank holds only five bushels, which means it must be refueled every 70 miles. That could be a knotty problem.

For **Johnny Cornu**, it's not enough to simply wish friends "Happy Birthday": He serenades them over the phone on his accordion. His wife, Timmie, phones and he plays. About eight years ago, Cornu, 63, a retired car salesman in Lunenburg, N.S., began this "little bit of a hobby" as a way of keeping in touch with relatives. Now he calls about 150 people a year from New York to Vancouver, all listed in his "little black book." The first time someone gets a birthday call, "it comes as a complete surprise," he says. "Some people break down and cry." Once, when he called a woman in hospital, other patients joined in singing and gave her a birthday she told Cornu she'd never forget. Cornu, who says he learned to play the accordion at about age six in the "privy" behind the family farmhouse in Yarmouth, also does magic tricks. He performs mostly for children in hospitals and at birthday parties. One Christmas, he staged 14 shows in 18 days — all for free. "How do you say no?" he asks. Unlike some magicians who won't reveal their secrets, he's passed on his magic skills to his three grandchildren. His tricks, he says, are "parlor-sized." Instead of sawing humans in two, he uses a doll in an 18-inch cabinet. "I enjoy the kids," he says, "and it keeps me busy."

I haven't much education," **Albert Doucette** says, "but it's my gift — I like to invent things." Doucette, a retired window-sash manufacturer who lives in DeBlois, P.E.I., made light wooden

wheels for carts when he first started as a carpenter. "I thought, if I could bend my rims and make my own spokes, I'd do a lot better. So I made a rig to steam the rims. But then every year there were more cars and my trade was getting low. I gave that up and I started at windows." Doucette, now 75, lives with his wife in the home he built himself 45 years ago. Two of his sons carry on the window-sash business, still using a machine he invented years ago. In his basement workshop, an old vacuum cleaner is mounted against the wall. "That's what runs my organ," Doucette says proudly. "I got an old organ. It sounded good, only the bellows were gone. When I found out it needed suction, I took the wife's vacuum cleaner and I bore a hole underneath just to try it out. Sure enough, it worked good!" Doucette's pride and joy is a miniature band — four, seven-inch-high musicians and their instruments, tucked inside an old sewing-machine case. Beneath the "bandstand," a tape recorder and an old electric mixer (minus the beaters) provide music and rhythm for the band. When the beater is turned on, it vibrates the floor beneath the feet of the step-dancer, the piano keyboard and other moving parts of the band. The tape recorder plays Ned Landry's fiddle music, and the band comes to life. "I had to put little aluminum shoes on the dancers' feet to weigh them down, they were so light," Doucette says. On a bench are some power tools he made himself. A drill press that can be converted to a small lathe, a grinder, a belt sander and a small tablesaw are made from recycled objects such as an old car shaft, an organ stool and the wheel from a cream separator. "Anything that I see that I can make use of, I keep," says the DeBlois inventor.



DAVID NICHOLS

GORD JOHNSTON

The Cornus: "Some people break down and cry"



Doucette and his band: "I like to invent things"

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FEEDBACK

temperate ones do little to endear the thousands of Americans who visit Nova Scotia yearly, many of whom, including me, are former Maritimers and your subscribers. If he is truly "one of Canada's outstanding poets," I suggest he stick to his poetry and leave the travel articles to others better qualified and less bigoted than he.

*Robert A. Ryder
Riverside, Calif.*

Buchans Road hard on herd

Your Newfoundland correspondents indicate that the proposed road south from Buchans would have only a minor adverse effect on the caribou of the area (*The Buchans Road hits a Political Roadblock*, Newfoundland & Labrador, November). My judgment is that the road would result in the destruction of the finest woodland caribou herd in the world. Any competent game-management person should be able to confirm my statement.

*George B. Johnson
Buffalo, Wyoming*

Islanders earned their power rates

On reading your article *The Power Bill Blues of P.E.I.*, (P.E.I., October), one cannot help asking *who* made the decisions which led to the current situation and *where* can the public see copies of the studies which were carried out in support of those decisions. I submit that many decisions were made on nothing more substantive than personal bias. Nuclear energy as a source of electrical power is the best understood, has been subjected to the most intensive studies, is the best regulated and is one of the safest forms of energy available in Canada today. Unfortunately, because of the military association, nuclear energy in total has become a moral issue. A P.E.I. government decision was made in 1978 to purchase a 5% interest in Point Lepreau. This was followed a few years later by a decision to buy "out of Point Lepreau" at a cost to the P.E.I. taxpayer of \$100,000 and to buy into a coal-fired generating plant. I believe that Islanders have earned their high electrical rates. It is pointless to moan about them, and we should prepare ourselves for the really high rates which will be our legacy.

*G. A. Wright
Crapaud, P.E.I.*

Good riddance to Ray

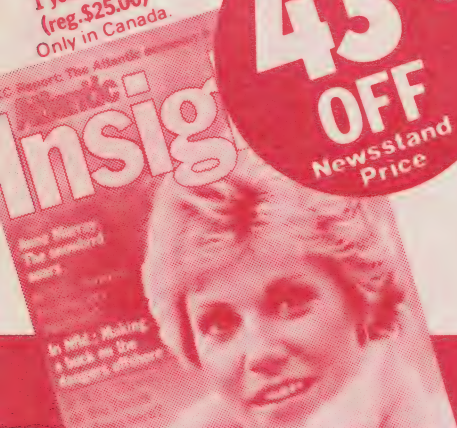
Ray Guy's Pacific Ocean happens to be the Juan de Fuca Strait, 60 miles from the Pacific. As for his judgment of people out here, well it appears that he doesn't know much about that either. Nobody is perfect out here, but nobody ever said they were. As for seeing Newfoundlanders here, well, you can't meet too many sitting on a log on the beach. I'm glad Ray went home and home he can stay. I'm a Maritimer myself, and I still love my home, but I also love it out here in B.C.

*Paul Deveau
Saturna Island, B.C.*

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Karen Black (left), Cher and Sudie Bond in Altman's new movie

Another rabbit from a rebel's hat

With Jimmy Dean, the unpredictable Robert Altman performs some of his old black magic — this time, transforming a turkey of a play into a funny, charming, irresistible movie

Review by Martin Knelman

Let us now praise Robert Altman, who has just been born again in a most unlikely manner after his thudding fall from movie paradise in the past few years. Altman had made several unacclaimed movies when he leapt to fame in 1970 with *M*A*S*H*, which was not only the sleeper of the year but also helped set the tone and style of American movies for a decade to come — a decade that was to be dominated, as things turned out, by Robert Altman. Among his other qualities, he was almost unbelievably prolific: Not counting the movies he produced but did not direct, his movies in the past dozen years have included *Brewster McCloud*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Images*, *The Long*

Goodbye, Thieves Like Us, *California Split*, *Nashville*, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, *Three Women*, *A Wedding*, *A Perfect Couple*, *Quintet*, *Health*, and *Popeye*. Two of those, *McCabe* and *Nashville*, were arguably masterpieces, and several others broke new ground. Without question, Altman with his overlapping dialogue, his scenes that seemed to start in the middle and his glancing, even throwaway, touch was inventing new ways for movies to go. But after *Nashville*, he seemed like a burnt out case, on an inevitable downward slide. *Buffalo Bill* seemed always on the verge of becoming the film it wanted to be, and *Three Women* had its flashes of wit and insight, but I walked out on *A Wedding*,

sat through *A Perfect Couple* feeling baffled and chose not to see *Quintet* or *Health*.

The Hollywood establishment was quick to turn on Altman. Even at the peak of his powers, he wasn't essentially a mass-audience moviemaker. *M*A*S*H* alone among his films was a big money-maker. He always seemed to be a beat ahead of the audience; he was considered "difficult" or "demanding." He was the American equivalent to the European *auteur* directors.

When the expensive, ambitious *Buffalo Bill* failed at the box office, producer Dino DeLaurentis pulled the plug and took *Ragtime* away from Altman — a heartbreaking loss, since the Doctorow novel seemed perfectly attuned to Altman's sensibility, and Altman would have made an infinitely better movie than the Czech Milos Forman, who was hired in Altman's

place and made a heavy, humorless mess of it.

Meanwhile, Altman went from bad to worse. Within the industry he was bad-mouthed in ways that talentless hacks never were — as if people felt his flops were a deserved comeuppance, maybe because they resented him for having aspirations they'd never understood. Altman began giving interviews in which he sounded not just bitter but incoherent — like a man on the skids. He seemed to be baiting the public to keep kicking him. He enjoyed being an outsider, a renegade; he enjoyed defying Hollywood convention. And he enjoyed giving the impression that he had been virtually driven out of Hollywood.

Finally he arrived in New York as a stage director, explaining that he and the major Hollywood studios had decided on a mutual divorce. "I fiddle on the corner where they throw the most coins," he explained. "I don't like California. What's being done out there with the studios and network TV is not very interesting. They are mostly mechanics who make a lot of money and get a lot of sun ... I didn't turn my back on Hollywood. After I did *Popeye*, I had no job, so I sold my company in California and moved to New York to do other things, opera and theatre as well as films."

After making his debut with a pair of one-acters off-Broadway, he came to Broadway with a new play called *Come Back to the 5 and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*. Frank Rich of *The New York Times* suggested the show could benefit from a new script, a total restaging and a revamped set. He also remarked that Altman had directed at the pace of a dripping faucet, giving the playwright, Ed Graczyk, a chance to hang himself. The other critics tended to agree. *Newsweek* implored: "Come back to the theatre, Robert Altman, Robert Altman, but next time with a play worthy of your talent."

A man less stubborn than Robert Altman might have quietly folded his tents at that point. Yet the public's response to the play was surprisingly positive; the presence in the cast of Cher, making her stage debut, didn't hurt, nor did such other familiar faces as Karen Black and Sandy Dennis. In the end, what closed the show (after 60 performances) was not the hostile press but Cher's illness.

Still, the idea of putting the play on

film seemed foolhardy. And by this time, the playwright was so shattered by the working-over his play was given in the press that he wanted nothing to do with the film. Altman made no changes whatever in the cast, and, working on a shoe-string budget (\$800,000), wrapped up the movie in three weeks. For a time, Altman held to the official fiction that the film version was being produced strictly for cable TV with no theatrical release planned. After the film was completed, he confessed to an interviewer, "Well, that was a little sham we had to go through to get it made."

The heroines of this Texas opus are rural members of a James Dean fan club that meets at the local Woolworth's. The action swings back and forth between 1975, when the members of the disbanded club gather for a reunion, and 1955, when these girls were in high school and Jimmy Dean in the flesh had come to Texas to shoot *Giant*. Each major character, I'm afraid, has a terrible

count for something. *Come Back to the 5 and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean* goes on too long, and its dramatic revelations are real groaners, but when these good old girls, aping the McGuire Sisters, link arms and slip into their rendition of that wailing Fifties pop ditty "Sincerely," we succumb to the movie's charm. Against all odds, the director has won us over. We've become irrationally fond of these ridiculous people.

At age 57, Robert Altman has pulled another rabbit out of his hat: He has transformed this shamelessly melodramatic turkey of a play into a funny, charming, damn well irresistible movie. One thing about Altman is that he's unpredictable. You can't tell what he'll do next. And you can't ever count him out. Altman's latest surprise was a spectacular production of Stravinsky's opera *The Rake's Progress* at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. What other major Hollywood director would go off to a university for three months and



Sandy Dennis, Cher and Karen Black share a nostalgic moment

secret to reveal. Mona (Sandy Dennis) who was a swooning extra in *Giant*, has lived with the fantasy that her retarded child was fathered by James Dean. Karen Black plays Joanne, who (surprise!) used to be Joseph.

Truth to tell, the play is dreadful. What's amazing is that Altman has somehow found a way to make it work as a film — partly through judicious cutting. The performers rise to the occasion: Sandy Dennis is not quite as irritating as usual with her little neurotic quivers, and Karen Black holds the screen more authoritatively than she has since *Nashville*. By far the most mesmerizing of the principals, though, is Cher, as the promiscuous bar girl who boasts that she has "the biggest boobs in Texas." And the supporting cast is superb: Studie Bond, Kathy Bates and Marta Heflin all seem sure to become better known.

Altman makes their trash mythology

stage a show with an amateur company and a run of less than a week? The fact that he had never done an opera didn't deter Altman. What Altman put on that stage in Michigan won't soon be forgotten by those who saw it. His show was a gothic extravaganza, multi-levelled and teeming with gargoyles.

I was somewhat startled when, on my way up the aisle at intermission, I almost tripped over Altman himself. We chatted briefly, and when the subject turned to *Jimmy Dean*, I congratulated him on turning a sow's ear into a silk purse. He stiffened at this, demanded to know what I meant, and then announced that if I didn't like the play, I couldn't possibly have liked the movie either. "That's like saying I love your face but I hate your feet," he ranted. Since my comments were meant to be flattering, I was taken aback. But Altman loves to play the unappreciated rebel — the underdog howling in the wilderness. ☒

Sweetly simple chocolates

All you need to make your own chocolates is one brush, one mould and some confectioner's chocolate. "Anyone can do it," says Georgina Greenough

By Pat Lotz

Georgina's House of Chocolate in Dartmouth, N.S., is a classic example of a pastime that grew into a full-time business.

"I started making chocolates as a hobby two years ago," says Georgina Greenough. At first, she wasn't able to get the kind of confectioner's chocolate she wanted (never use baker's chocolate, she warns). When she called Nestlé and ordered 50 pounds of chocolate, "they laughed at me." Their minimum order was 2,500 pounds.

"One day my neighbor came over when I was making chocolates. She asked me to show her how to do it, so I did. She told other neighbors and they told their friends, and they all wanted demonstrations." She persuaded the supplier to sell her 500 pounds of chocolate, but as the number of people wanting lessons and chocolate increased, she was soon ordering thousands of pounds of the stuff. Finally, Nestlé offered her their distributorship for the Maritimes.

As Greenough travelled around the region giving chocolate-making demonstrations, she was often approached by women who wanted to make and sell chocolates in their home. Now there are 36 women across the Atlantic provinces who, after learning chocolate-making from her, have set up in business for themselves. "It makes a nice home industry for women in small communities," Greenough says. "They love it."

She supplies them with the ingredients and implements for making chocolates: Confectioner's chocolate, which comes in thick wafers in several colors; oil-based flavoring and coloring; powdered fondant (used in liqueur chocolates); brushes, and moulds in a wide variety of shapes and sizes, including large ones for making suckers in the shape of E.T. and Smurf. "All you need to start out making chocolates is one brush, one mould and one pound of chocolate," Greenough says. "It's very, very simple. Anyone can do it."

There's an almost evangelical fervor in Greenough's promotion of the simplicity of her style of chocolate-making, and she's always on the lookout for converts. She was passing a shopping-mall candy store one day at a slack time and noticed the clerks "just standing there, doing nothing." She located the owner and suggested that he "set the girls to work making Smurf suckers." The owner's now

delighted at how successful the project has turned out, "but the girls hate me," Greenough says.

Chocolate Preparation

Put chocolate to be melted into a bowl (not metal or plastic) and stand it in hot water. Greenough uses an electric skillet into which she puts two inches of water and keeps it at a temperature between 106°F. and 110°F. (Never add water-based flavorings or coloring to chocolate, Greenough warns, only oil-based ones.) When the chocolate has melted, give it a good stir and with a brush, coat the moulds, taking care not to leave any holes through which the filling could adhere to the mould. Put the mould tray into the fridge for a minute or two. Check the tray when you remove it from the fridge and touch up any holes that have escaped your scrutiny. Put the filling into the chocolate shells, cover with more chocolate and put the tray back in the fridge for two minutes. If the chocolates don't pop out when you tip over the tray, put it back into the fridge for another minute. If some of the chocolates still will not come out of their moulds, it is probably because you have missed a perforation in the shell and the filling has stuck. Wipe the moulds with a paper towel between batches of chocolates. Half a pound of chocolate will give you about three dozen chocolate shells.

Fillings for chocolates are limited only by your imagination. In addition to cream fillings in various flavors, nuts and cherries, you can create interesting tastes by dipping a variety of things into melted chocolate: Fresh fruit such as strawberries, grapes, lemon and orange wedges, or dried fruit such as dates, pieces of fig, apricots, dried peach; salted pretzels, rice crispies and marshmallows (cut these with wet scissors).

The cream fondant in the following recipe can be stored in the fridge for six weeks or in the freezer for two months. You can use it as is, or add the flavor and coloring of your choice.

Basic Cream Fondant

1/2 cup margarine
1/2 tsp. salt
1/3 cup corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla
3 cups icing sugar

With a wooden spoon, blend together margarine, salt, syrup and vanilla. Mix in 3 cups sugar gradually, then place the mixture on a countertop. Work with your hands until you get the consistency



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Greenough: "A nice home industry"

of short-crust pastry dough. Store in a covered container.

Chocolate Cream Filling

Mix together 2 tbsp. melted chocolate and 1 cup of basic cream fondant.

Caramel Filling

Put an unopened can of condensed milk into a saucepan of water. Boil for 2 hours, making sure that the can is completely covered with water all the time. Remove can and leave standing, still unopened, for 5 hours or overnight.

Peppermint Patties

Melted chocolate
1 egg white
peppermint essence (1 or 2 drops)
icing sugar

With a fork, beat the egg white until foamy. Add peppermint and icing sugar, stirring and continuing to add sugar until you get the consistency you want. Coat patty moulds with chocolate. When chocolate shells are ready, fill with peppermint mixture, cover with chocolate and return to the fridge for 2 minutes.

Cherry Chocolates

Mix together powdered fondant with enough juice from maraschino cherries to get the right consistency for a filling. Prepare chocolate shells, put in a little fondant, then a well-drained cherry and cover with chocolate. If you wish, you can mix the powdered fondant with a liqueur.

Candy Cane Chocolates

Crush up candy canes with a rolling pin or, if you want the cane very fine, in a food processor. Add desired amount to melted white chocolate, stir well and fill the moulds completely with this mixture. Chill in fridge until firm (approximately 4 minutes).

Almond Bark

To melted white chocolate add blanched, whole almonds (amount is up to you), stir well and pour onto a wax-paper-lined cookie sheet. Move the sheet around to spread the chocolate and then place in fridge for 7-8 minutes. Break into pieces when set.

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The magazine is published by the Atlantic Council of Canada, a non-partisan organization that promotes economic and social development in the Atlantic region. It is a member of the International Council on Business and Government, which is a leading organization in the field of business and government relations.

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Aubrey Hanson's the king of New Brunswick country swing

He's never been to Nashville and, to tell the truth, he doesn't care much. This good old boy's happy just being a legend to hard-core country music fans in the Maritimes

Booze-enflamed brain cells burning neon-bright inside his skull, hands on the wheel of a car as big as a country boy's dreams, he's a drinkin', fightin', lovin', hurtin' good ole boy who has done a lot of hard travelling — he's been everywhere, man — and who packs it all into his songs. Songs as haymow-sweet as the memory of the long-haired girl who lived on a neighboring farm, back when he was a boy, 3,000 one-night stands ago, and as hangover-bitter as the thought of how she went to town and went wrong. Songs as gritty as the taste of being knocked down in a honky-tonk parking lot. Songs as low-down as the smell of jobless men standing in line for

all the things that jobless men stand in line for. He sings his songs and picks his six-string flat-top box, and he gets drunk again and passes out again — and the next morning he wakes up, wondering as always, *What place is this? Bridge-water, Nova Scotia? Dyass, Arkansas?*

That is how most people, including most country music fans, picture most country entertainers, and there's a degree of truth in it. Witness the great Hank Williams, who died drunk in the back seat of his car at the age of 29. On the way to a show, of course. Or the equally great George Jones, who busts up cars, gets busted by the cops, and whose fans wherever he is scheduled to appear make bets as to whether or not he'll show up. (Naturally, he has written and recorded a song entitled, "No Show Jones.")

But there is another, different tradition in country music. It's the one that bred singer-musicians like Aubrey Hanson, whose fame is local — he has never even visited Nashville, but is a household name among hard-core country fans in the Maritimes — and who runs a trucking business in addition to working with his Country Ramblers band at concerts, dances or on radio for 200 nights a year.

"People probably think I'm odd," Hanson says. "I probably *am* odd." He

has sung and played professionally for 25 years (he is now 52), yet has never seriously considered moving away from Fredericton, N.B., where he has lived all his life. "Oh, I might go on the road for a year or two with some established star; but it's a bum's existence if you're not in the big time." Far from being a boozier, he doesn't even want to play in bars. "They're not my style." Anything but a rhinestone cowboy, Hanson is a big, quiet man who looks like the kind of bouncer who is so calmly persuasive that he seldom has to resort to threats, let alone violence. He talks and acts like his middle-class neighbors. The difference is that he sings, plays guitar, banjo, mandolin and harmonica, and has had his own radio show (over Fredericton's CFNB) ever since 1957. "It's through the radio show that I'm known in Nova Scotia; we get a lot of fan letters from there." He appears regularly at dances, exhibitions, fall fairs and winter carnivals throughout New Brunswick and recently released his fourth LP album, *Aubrey Hanson, a Maritime Legend*.

He got his first guitar when he was 12, a Christmas gift from his father, a wood merchant who played the mouth organ and wrote the lyrics for one of the songs on the LP, "New Brunswick's the Province for Me." In the early days, he competed in amateur talent contests, at one of which the contestants included a young guy named Clarence Snow, who has since become better known as Hank. Does he ever envy Grand Ole Opry stars like Hank Snow? "I can honestly say that I don't. I'm one of those Maritimers who just want to make a living and to heck with the glamor."

Nor does Hanson worry about not being up-to-date. "I'm doing the exact same thing as when I started out and it works as well today as it did then. I never change my repertoire, except for maybe one new song a year — and I'm holding my own." The explanation is, "There's no entertainment for people over 40 unless they come to my show. I appeal to an audience that's been forgotten by the people who produce TV shows and make records. It's a minority audience, sure; but in this neck of the woods, it's a big minority. There's not a place I go where I don't get a full house."

His song repertoire relies heavily on tunes by Nova Scotia-born Wilf Carter,

the father of Canadian country music. "He's been my hero ever since I was a kid; I've played with him when he toured the Maritimes — that was some thrill!" Musically, he is indebted to the late Bob Wills whose Texas Playboys developed western swing. The biggest change he has seen in more than a quarter of a century of playing for old-time dances is the disappearance of the country fiddler. "It used to be that the fiddler was king; now there's no market for them at all."

Another change is that the traditional Maritime square dances have been supplanted by what Hanson calls "Phys. Ed. square dancing" because "it was brought into the Maritimes by high school physical education teachers." Unlike traditional Maritime square dancing, it depends upon a caller. "I've never got into that; I just sing. I was the first person to sing at dances in this area."

It might bother Hanson to be dismissed as old-fashioned if he hadn't learned early in life to withstand criticism. "I was always being laughed at for liking country music. Once when I was 14, they put on a musical program at the high school. I came out with my Valley Vagabonds, which was what I called my first band, and started to play. All of a sudden, the curtain came down and the principal pulled me off the stage and said to me, 'Boy, I will never again have that kind of music in my school!' " A few years later, he was invited to sing at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival at Newcastle, N.B. "I was getting ready to go when Dr. Louise Manny, who ran the festival, said to me, 'Young man, what is that?' 'It's a guitar, Ma'am,' I said. 'There'll be no guitars here,' she said. 'Well,' I said, 'no guitar, no song.' She let me play."

Hanson's present band, the Country Ramblers, includes Ken Hoben on guitar, Bob Barry on piano, and Balfour Bailey (who played with him in his first band when he was 14), on drums. His wife, Faye, wrote the lyrics to one of the songs on the LP, "Green Hills, Blue Rivers." They have two sons, Lloyd, 18, and Lorne, 14. Lloyd has played bass with his father. "But country music doesn't offer much of a challenge to a bass player, he'd rather play jazz. Well, to tell you the truth, he'd rather play rock, like most boys his age."

Working six days a week with his trucking business and four nights a week with his music, Hanson couldn't get by, "except that I sleep most of Sunday." He has come to expect the occasional yell of, "Give us some rock!" from the younger patrons at his dances. His stock reply is, "You're sure in the wrong barn tonight."

There are no neon lights inside Aubrey Hanson's skull, but neither is he tormented by the ash heaps of burnt-out brain cells. "I'm a happy man," he says with conviction. And he always knows where he is when he wakes up in the morning.

—Alden Nowlan



Hanson: "I just sing"

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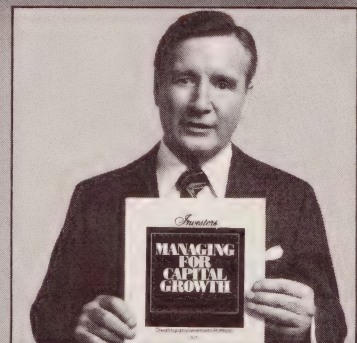
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Return to the harbor

This month, Groundhog Press publishes *Head of the Harbour*, the second novel by Halifax writer Mark Gordon. Gordon's first novel, *The Kanner Aliyah*, appeared three years ago to praise from author Hugh MacLennan who said that Gordon's description of the hero Martin Kanner's odyssey to Israel in the early Sixties "made me feel I was there." The *Montreal Gazette* called the novel "a labor of love, written from the gut." Other reviewers hailed it as a work of genius.

Head of the Harbour brings Martin Kanner, now a college student of 22, back to Halifax where he'd lived until he was 16, a Jewish boy in a predominantly Gentile community. He has not forgotten the city. In fact, his experience has sharpened his perceptions of the past and the complexity of some of his present relationships sharpens his desire to look inward, to the people, the streets, the remembered surroundings of his past.

About four o'clock one afternoon, David, Yuri, Martin, and another student were standing on a street corner halfway between campus and Martin's room. It hadn't started to snow, but the clouds looked heavy and dark. The four of them stood at the street corner talking. It was getting colder by the minute. Martin shuffled from foot to foot. Yuri clapped his hands together to keep warm. He was wearing a pair of mittens his grandmother had knitted for him. David had his lamb's wool collar pulled tight against his ears.

"Well, I have to go," Martin finally said. "See you guys later."

There was no answer from anyone in the group. No one seemed to have noticed that he was saying good-bye. But David's blue eyes gleamed coolly.

"Look at that!"

David sneered, The Capitol Theatre: An odor of chocolate bars, orangeade and cushions

pointing at Martin. "Look at his face. Can you believe it? He's totally crushed because we didn't say good-bye to him."

David shook his head in disgust. He snickered. For a second, Martin was tempted to reply in anger. Instead, he turned around quickly and walked down the street.

"See you later!" Yuri shouted after him.

He was almost expecting to hear David's voice, but it never came.

He walked home quickly. David's words were burning inside his head. A chill wind was blowing across the street. The trees were getting darker. Was there something wrong with him? Was David right? Was it unbelievable that he should look so hurt just because his friends hadn't said good-bye?

His room felt particularly chilly that evening. He went over and touched the radiator. It was hardly warm. For the first time he could feel anger, almost hatred, for Miss Riley and her miserly ways. He was tempted to slam his shoe against the radiator, yell and scream — Miss Riley, you cold old bitch, turn on the heat! It's freezing up here. He was tempted to go down and smash his fists against the door of her apartment. Turn on the heat! — he could hear the scream inside his head, but it remained there,

and never came out of his mouth...

That same evening he was sitting in his room alone. It was getting dark outside. He hadn't bothered to turn on the light. He sat in the frayed armchair beside the radiator. He touched the radiator with the back of his hand. It was gradually getting warmer. She must have turned the heat up. It wasn't tremendously hot, but he could sit there now without his overcoat on. The sweater he was wearing was heavy, and corrugated with thick ribs of wool. Aunt Ida had given it to him. It was from her store on Barrington Street.

David's sarcastic gleam burned inside his head. His words echoed through his mind. Look. Look at that. Look at that, will you? He's totally crushed. If, he thought, David had not touched a nerve-ending, he wouldn't have felt so depressed by his cold remarks. But David had pointed to the truth. Yes, he had to admit to himself, when his friends hadn't noticed he was about to depart, hadn't acknowledged his good-bye, he had felt crushed.

It was a shock, though, to have someone like David Steeles point it out, and show it to his other friends, Yuri included. Why, Martin wondered, did his feelings hang so vividly on his face? Why did they sit there for everyone to see? It made him feel vulnerable, awfully vulnerable, in front of someone like David Steeles. And what was he supposed to do? Was he supposed to continually sup-



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BOOK EXCERPT

press his inner feelings? Was he supposed to wear a mask, to be on guard, to be forever on guard? Was he supposed to walk around with an icy shield over his eyes, a visor like the knights of old used to wear? Was that the solution to his problem?

He remembered the Capitol Theatre on Barrington Street. He would go there quite often as a child, when he was ten, eleven, twelve years old. He hopped the bus on Saturdays around noon hour. Yes, the bus at twenty after twelve that stopped at a corner near his house on Robie Street. Almost every Saturday he dashed out of his house, ran the half block to South Street, crossed to the opposite corner, stood alone waiting for the bus, his old faithful friend that always arrived at twenty minutes after twelve. It was rarely late, rarely a minute either side of its scheduled arrival.

Down he'd travel into the heart of the city, the downtown area, to Barrington Street where his father had an office in the Roy Building, and Uncle Stan had his clothing store a few blocks away. Barrington Street — it was a huge-sounding name in his young boy's head. It was almost as if Halifax and Barrington Street were synonymous. What was one without the other? It was like the old song — Love and Marriage... horse and carriage. Barrington Street. The words rolled inside his young head. No, no other street could vie for his affection, his awe, and sometimes his fear. After all, everyone came to Barrington Street when he was a kid. They came from the four distant corners of the city. They came from the slums, Water Street and Argyle, where his father grew up. They came from the new suburbs, like the one he was living in. They came to Barrington Street to work, to shop, to go to the movies. And there the sailors on leave could be seen. On Barrington Street everyone mingled — whoever they were — the colored people, the sailors, the ladies in feathered hats, the businessmen in suits, and kids like himself down there to haunt the movie houses.

His heart took a leap each Saturday afternoon as he got off the bus. Suddenly, he could see the rush of people. He was walking among them. They were walking so near to him that he could smell their odors: perfume and sweat, whiskey and fur. They were all around him, much taller than he was. They were brushing against him, against his shoulders, and sometimes a fabric — wool or cotton or silk — would brush against his cheek.

There on that street with the huge-sounding name — Barrington — he had his choice of movie houses. The Capitol. The Paramount. The Family. He could, if he wanted to, if he really rushed, go to all three theatres in one afternoon. (It cost him only a dime at each one.) He could get into the Capitol at one o'clock,

dash to the Paramount at three, then tear over to the Family, and still get back home by seven-thirty.

He had done this a few times. But only a few. It was a marathon that tired him out, that left his mind jam-packed with images. Often he was satisfied, quite satisfied, by going to the Capitol and finishing off the afternoon at the Paramount. Then at five o'clock he would go to the Roy Building, and catch his father before he left work.

He sat in the room on Preston Street thinking of David Steeles' cold remarks. And he sat there dreaming of those Saturday afternoons long ago. What a blessed relief those movies were from the weekdays at Pinebrook School. How he hated sitting in the classroom with the fluorescent lights buzzing. He'd look out the window at Robie Street as the teacher scraped notes on the blackboard. It looked drab out on the boulevard. It looked dark outside, and the fluorescent lighting made the wintry afternoon scene appear even drabber. The wind tunneled down the boulevard, bending the newly-planted saplings. He used to sympathize with those tiny, young trees tied with burlap to pieces of two-by-four for support. Would they survive? — his young mind often wondered. Would they really grow into huge oaks and maples some day? Would he be able to come back, when he had grown up, and see how they had made out? Or would the wind go crazy, mount up in its fury, twist them and snap them beyond repair? Poor trees, he used to think, so thin and young and alone out there on the boulevard this wintry afternoon.

He gazed around the classroom. There was John O'Reilly, the "maestro", as everyone called him, John O'Reilly sitting in his seat at the back of the class rocking, forever rocking. What was wrong with him? Why did he have to continually rock like that? John, the "maestro", his queer schoolmate, looked bald. His head looked like a coconut barely covered with fuzzy strands that were supposed to be his hair. He was overweight, roly-poly, and he never stopped his rocking. Some kids found out that his mother took him to violin lessons twice a week. She was overheard one day, as she opened her car door to let him in. "Hello, maestro," she said, "how are you this afternoon?" That was the end for John being called simply John. "Maestro!" the kids shrieked day after day. "How are you, dear maestro?"

They were yelling at John, poor John O'Reilly, but he could feel their icy shrieks travel up and down his spine. He was afraid. Why wouldn't they turn their gibes suddenly from John to him, Martin? No, his mind reasoned, they wouldn't do that. He didn't rock in his chair. He wasn't called the maestro. He didn't have a head that looked like a

coconut. But... yes, but. Weren't there things about him, about him, Martin Kanner, that could suddenly catch their attention? Would they abruptly turn against him — notice the birth-scar on his cheek, remember that he was Jewish, and turn this into a mocking rhyme? He hoped that the weeks inside the classroom would pass, and no such horrible event would ever take place. His palms sweated when he thought about being made the object of their taunts. A lump caught in his throat, stuck there like a bone halfway down.

Yes, what a relief to go to the movies, to go down to Barrington Street on Saturday afternoons. The Capitol Theatre was built like a castle inside. It always surprised him, again and again, when he entered that strange-smelling place. Yes, like a castle. There was a moat with water, a drawbridge, castle doors with spikes of steel. And knights in full armour stood guard in front of the doors that led from the foyer to the thousand chairs of the auditorium. The Capitol Theatre had a smell of its very own. It comforted him. It was not just the scent of chocolate bars and orangeade. It was a distinct odor. The Paramount didn't have it, nor the Family. Somehow — and it amazed him — the Capitol smelled like he always imagined a real, honest-to-goodness castle would smell. It had the smell of old cushions, centuries and centuries old. It hit him in waves as soon as he walked inside from the street. It was like meeting a very good friend, someone he had known for a long, long time. Someone who would never think of hurting him. Someone whose arms were always open, always willing to wrap their warmth around him, take him in, and press him close. A music danced inside him whenever he entered the Capitol once again.

It was a strange feeling inside him as he walked through the foyer, crossed the drawbridge, gazed at the knights in armour. He felt small, small as a thread in the lush carpets on the floor. And, at the very same instant, he felt huge, tall, high as the huge crossbeams of wood on the ceiling. What a mixture of feeling! It rippled through his young body. Wasn't he, he thought, as great as this castle? He was no longer little Martin Kanner who lived on Robie Street and went to Pinebrook School. He was no longer the chubby boy who was afraid to take off his clothes after gym class, and take a shower with his schoolmates. No, it was as if that strange odor of the Capitol Theatre had the power to transform him, to make him taller and stronger and braver than any little boy could ever hope to be.

Slowly, he walked down the aisle to his seat. The carpets were soft under his feet. The lights were still dim, the curtains drawn, and he was sitting in that pit of soft darkness again. The kids had

stopped their yelling. They were no longer throwing popcorn and jelly beans. They were waiting with Martin for the curtains to part. Now there was nothing to be seen. Nothing but the vague soft heads of kids. Aisles and aisles of heads turned up expectantly towards the screen in front of them.

Martin gazed around. Everything looked dark except for two white masks on either side of the theatre, high up on the walls. One mask was laughing, the other crying. One mouth was upturned, grinning; the other stretched downwards, sad and pathetic. How white those two masks were! Ghostly white. White as bone. What did they mean? — he wondered. Was it a message placed there for kids like himself to decipher?

John, the maestro, entered his head. He was rocking, rocking, scraping his desk along the linoleum floor. The noise was getting louder. The wooden desk was creaking under his weight. John was in a fury of rocking. Louder and louder, much louder than the fluorescents' buzzing, more insistent than the teacher's voice. Miss Tyrone turned quickly from the blackboard.

"John! Please! I can't stand it! Just stop for a minute."

The kids in the classroom giggled under their breaths. A few of them started to rock, imitating the maestro.

"No! Stop it!" Miss Tyrone shrieked. "I'll have none of this, do you hear? So help me, every one of you will stay after school. Except John!"

John looked up, his blue eyes twinkling, and he slowed the pace of his rocking.

"Thank you, John," Miss Tyrone whispered, out of breath. "Thank you, dear."

"Thank you, maestro," his classmates mimicked in unison.

"Enough! Do you hear?" Miss Tyrone shouted. Her blackboard pointer swished through the air, and cracked loudly on her desk.

For a few minutes, the class was quiet. Miss Tyrone's fury was echoing inside their heads.

"Do you know how rude it is," Miss Tyrone sighed, "to make fun of your classmate that way? Just think of it. How it adds to his burden. Do you think God looks on that kindly?"

The children in the class hung down their heads. The word "God" had floated from Miss Tyrone's mouth like an enormous balloon.

Martin's gaze travelled from Miss Tyrone to John to the kids in the class with their eyes turned down. What, he wondered, was that burden that John, the maestro, carried around? Had Miss Tyrone noticed that he, Martin, had not joined in on their gibes?

"Now, let's get back to our work," Miss Tyrone smiled faintly. "Now, who can tell me how many counties there are on Cape Breton Island?"

Hands shot up around the classroom. It was an easy question. Even the

maestro's hand was flailing around for attention. "Me, me, me, me," the classroom echoed.

Martin hunched down deep into the cushioned chair at the Capitol Theatre. The curtains started to part very slowly. His mind was blank now, waiting, blank as the huge screen before the movie began.

* * *

Martin got up from the tattered armchair in his room on Preston Street. He was thinking of David Steeles and Harvey Kanner. He was thinking of Yuri Raglin and Moira. He was dreaming about Joan in her house on Dunbarton Road. He was thinking of Norrie, how his black eyes popped, how his jaws widened and snapped.

David Steeles' cool words were still nagging inside his mind. "Look at that! He's totally crushed, just because we didn't say good-bye."

Martin stood in the middle of his room. Could he learn, he wondered, to suppress his feelings? Could he learn to keep his face as cold and unrevealing as a steel mask?

He walked across the room to the small window. It was nearly dark outside, but there was nothing to be seen anyway from that window except the house across the alley. It was a wooden house also, like Miss Riley's, a white wooden house, two storeys high.

He gazed at the house. A light came on in a room in the upper storey. The venetian blinds were open. He stood there watching. A young girl of about fourteen came into the room. She tossed herself down on the bed and lay there on her stomach, one hand propped under her chin, and a book open in front of her on a pillow. She was wearing a short, plaid skirt. As she read, she bent her legs at the knees, and kicked them behind her rhythmically. They scissored the air. The movement made her skirt ride up on her thighs. He stood in the darkness and his heart began to pound. How young she looked, and fresh! How white and smooth her skin appeared! His head started to spin. His groin was burning with desire. Who was she?—he wondered. Perhaps a professor from Dalhousie lived in that white house across the alley and this was his daughter. She probably went to school nearby. Maybe she attended the same school he had gone to when he was fourteen. Stadacona Junior High. It was only a block away.

It seemed centuries ago, he thought, when he was her age. And much longer, aeons past, when he attended Pinebrook School on the other side of town.

He stood by the window, mesmerized. What young skin! She wasn't too fat or too skinny. His thoughts were swirling around. What if he could go back, he dreamed, be her age again? What if he could start over? Perhaps he'd gotten off on a wrong track.

Perhaps, long ago, he'd taken a route he should never have taken, which led only to madness.

But when? And where? When did he suddenly veer off on a wild careening trail that led him eventually to Jerusalem, to the stone cottage, to dreams about fighting off his father with can openers? Had he ever been as smooth and innocent as he imagined this young girl to be? Had he ever been as fresh and optimistic?

He looked across at her room again. She was still lying on her stomach, kicking her legs behind her. Someone came into her room. Martin couldn't make out who it was. The person was outside his range of vision. All he could make out was a shadow. The girl looked up from her reading, and was talking to the shadow. A few minutes later, she got up from her bed slowly, walked to the window, looked out quickly, and shut tight the venetian blinds.

Martin let out a sigh. It was a heavy, mournful sound. He walked back to the tattered armchair, and let himself fall into its awaiting arms. He slumped down and closed his eyes. He was dreaming again of the Capitol Theatre. On that screen, he saw so many people long ago. Burt Lancaster. Victor Mature. Robert Mitchum. Grace Kelly. Donald O'Connor. Debbie Reynolds. Ma and Pa Kettle. The Bowery Boys. How he would laugh at the Bowery Boys until his stomach ached, until he couldn't laugh any more. And what brave men crossed that screen! What amazing things they did! There was Marlon Brando in *On The Waterfront*. What guts they all had! When he used to watch Humphrey Bogart fight alligators and malaria, Martin couldn't help but think of his father. His young boy's head was filled with awe. Didn't his father have eyes as black and daring as Humphrey Bogart's? Wasn't his father's chin as strong and defiant as Robert Mitchum's? And when his father stood in the bathroom in the morning with only his boxer shorts on, wasn't his chest every bit as powerful and muscled as Burt Lancaster's? He sat in the theatre and wondered—couldn't his own father play in one of those movies? Wasn't his father's life as exciting?

And always an agonizing doubt gnawed away at him. What would he, Martin, do if he were caught between the badmen and the alligators? Would he just break down? Would he crumble? Would he melt into a pool of tears? Or would he be able to gather from somewhere inside him the guts and courage that his father always talked about, the qualities his father admired? His mind wobbled on the edge of those questions. Yes, he could do it. Yes. Yes. But was he sure? Was he absolutely sure? Wasn't there a chance that he might not have the nerve? Wasn't there a chance that he might not have the nerve? Wasn't there the chance that he might simply run away, run in the opposite direction and hide?



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SPECIAL REPORT



VERNON DICKLE/POOL ADVANCE

Jane Stafford and lawyer Allan Ferrier

A dead man goes on trial

When a Nova Scotia jury found Jane Stafford not guilty of killing her husband, many saw the verdict as an important victory for battered women. But the Stafford case was special — special because of Billy Stafford, a man who used to say he'd been sent to earth by the devil

By Stephen Kimber

Jane Stafford rested the shotgun against the open window on the driver's side of the pickup truck outside her cottage. She stared at the hulking, still form of her common-law husband inside. Billy Stafford had passed out drunk in the truck on the way home from a party. He was sleeping peacefully now, his head less than a foot away from the business end of the shotgun. Jane Stafford's finger felt the trigger. It was the night of March 11, 1982.

At that instant, Jane Stafford wasn't thinking about the symbolic importance

some people would later attach to what she was about to do. She was thinking instead about Billy and the things he said he'd do to her son Allan and her best friend, Margaret Joudrey.

Margaret Joudrey lived in a trailer beside the Staffords' cottage in Bangs Falls, a tiny community near Liverpool on Nova Scotia's picturesque South Shore. For years, Margaret and Billy had been feuding over the precise boundary line between their two properties. Billy had told Jane earlier that night he was going to settle the dispute once and for all. He said he was going to burn down

the Joudrey trailer with a can of gasoline.

After he'd disposed of Margaret Joudrey, he said, he would deal with Allan. Allan, Jane's 16-year-old son by her first marriage, was under investigation in connection with a recent break and enter, and the RCMP had come to the Stafford house that week to talk to him. Billy wasn't concerned with whether Allan was burglarizing houses, but he sure as hell didn't want any mounties showing up at his door. He would take care of Allan tonight too.

Jane Stafford knew he could; she believed he would. She squeezed hard on the trigger and Billy's head exploded, scattering blood and brain and bone over every part of the cab of the truck and even, she noticed, on her own clothes.

At that moment, she didn't stop to consider whether evidence of cumulative provocation — Billy's lifelong history of vicious and violent behavior — could be used as defence against a murder charge. And she certainly didn't think for an instant about the fact that a jury's decision that she acted in self-defence when she fired the gun would be seen by some as an important victory for abused women everywhere.

She had far too many other things on her mind.

She gave the gun to Allan and asked him to get her some fresh clothes. While she drove the truck to the satellite tracking station at nearby Mill Village and abandoned it there — the body still in it — Allan hurried off to the Joudreys to call his grandparents to ask them to pick up Jane. Then he dismantled the shotgun and threw it off the Bangs Falls bridge. When Jane and her parents arrived back at the house an hour and a half later, Allan put his mother's clothes and purse in the stove to get rid of the evidence.

Nobody shed any tears for Billy.

The tears came eight months later in a crowded Liverpool courtroom when 33-year-old Jane Marie Whynot-Stafford, a normally quiet-spoken, deferential sort of woman, was found not guilty of killing her husband. But those tears weren't for Billy, either; they were tears of joy and relief and satisfaction.

"I would like to thank all my friends," Jane Stafford told about 40 applauding, hugging, crying, cheering spectators. "May God bless you all."

After hearing 46 witnesses, discovering more than anyone probably cared to know about the twisted life and sudden death of 41-year-old William Lamont Stafford and then considering four different possible verdicts — guilty of first degree murder, guilty of second degree murder, guilty of manslaughter or not guilty at all — a jury of 10 men and one woman took 18 hours to finally decide that Jane Stafford, a tall, thin, plain-featured woman, acted in self defence when she shot Billy. (Late in December,

SPECIAL REPORT

Crown attorneys announced they would appeal the verdict. Their case is expected to be heard in April.)

In a sense, the verdict was a surprise. If Billy had attacked her with a knife or a club that night, there would have been no question she acted in self-defence. But Billy was asleep. Usually, a defendant can't successfully claim self-defence unless she is being directly threatened at the precise moment she responds. But the jury apparently decided Billy's threats earlier that night — and the history of unspeakable behavior that preceded them — left Jane Stafford with no choice but to use the gun to protect herself, her son and her friend.

"Jane Stafford had lived in a prison of her own for the past several years," pointed out an approving editorial in the weekly *Liverpool Advance*. "Justice," it said, "has been served."

Many women's groups believe the acquittal represents an important symbolic victory in the campaign against wife-beating, and many sociologists and legal activists argue it is a sign of changing public attitudes toward abused women. Faye McIsaac of Halifax's Bryony House, a shelter for battered women, predicted the verdict may mean that more abused women will "come out of the closet," while Dr. Christine Simmons of Women Against Violence Against Women, a national feminist group, added that the case would serve as "a confirmation that the legal system might protect [abused women] from battery."

Allan Ferrier is more cautious. Ferrier, 31, is the Nova Scotia Legal Aid lawyer who defended Stafford. A veteran of numerous major criminal cases, Ferrier is quick to point out that jury verdicts do not set precedents. "It doesn't even set a social precedent," he adds. "Battered women don't have a licence to blow the heads off the men who abuse them just because Jane Stafford got off. You simply won't find many situations in which a jury will say it was OK for a person to kill someone. This was a special case."

Billy Stafford is the reason it was so special. Abused as a child himself (his father burned his hands to teach him not to steal), Billy Stafford grew up with an insatiable need to dominate anyone — male or female — weaker than he was.

A sometime fisherman who'd been blacklisted from area fishing boats for staging a mutiny at sea (he bragged to Jane Stafford that he'd killed a man in another dispute on a fishing boat), Billy worked on gypsum boats, jacked deer, sold drugs, drank, took drugs and partied. Billy used to joke that he was sent to earth by the devil. He wouldn't allow a Bible in his house.

At a distance, Billy, a huge, 250-pound man, might have appeared to be just another wild-living, good-time drunk. Up close, the view was different.

He had beaten his first wife, even kicked her when she was pregnant and then tried to drown her in a bucket of water. He had beaten their five children too. Occasionally, he made them eat lit cigarette butts and, once, forced his eldest daughter to stand outside the house while he threw knives at her to see how close he could come. One day while Billy was fishing, Pauline Stafford gathered up the kids and got away to Ontario and didn't come back to Nova Scotia again until she was called to testify at Jane Stafford's trial.

Billy Stafford's first common-law wife also ran away from his abuse. She went to Calgary and stayed there until two years after he moved in with Jane Stafford.

Jane Stafford met Billy in 1977 on the rebound from her own marriage to an alcoholic. Though she says she and Billy had a good relationship in the beginning, she had little basis on which to judge good from bad. Jane's own father had abused her mother, and her childhood memories include hiding her two younger sisters so they wouldn't see what their father was doing to their mother.

Shortly after Billy and Jane began living together, their son, Darren, was born and Jane had a hysterectomy. Billy had wanted a daughter and now Jane couldn't give him one. "He looked at Darren as if he was disgusted with him," Jane Stafford told the court. Billy took out his disgust on both of them.

He abused Darren so badly, in fact, that when a child psychiatrist asked him what he would ask for if he had three wishes, the four-year-old replied that he wished he was as big as his father and his father was as small as he was. That way, he explained, he could be mean to Billy the way Billy had been mean to him. Billy also beat Jane's other son, Allan, at least once a week for no particular reason.

Mostly, however, he beat Jane. When he'd go into one of his rages, he was uncontrollable and unstoppable. His face would turn red, his eyes would bulge and he'd froth at the mouth. Sometimes, he'd beat her until she was unconscious. Once, he fired a rifle at her when she was putting wood in their kitchen stove and, on another occasion, shot at her as she worked in their garden. He abused her sexually as well; he was a sadist who forced her to engage in acts of bondage and participate in bestiality with their Saint Bernard dog.

Despite all that, Jane didn't leave Billy. She couldn't, she told the court. Billy had told her many times that he'd already lost two women and wasn't about to let another one go. If she did try to leave him, he warned, he would kill her family. Since he had beaten up her father already, she says, she took that threat very seriously.

She couldn't go to the police, either. The police didn't like to go near Billy's house; they actually had standing orders not to answer a call there unless they were armed and ready for trouble. (After Jane confessed to killing Billy, one local officer even suggested she be given a medal because she'd probably saved the lives of a few police officers.) Though the police were convinced Billy had been involved in various criminal activities, he'd rarely been caught for any of them. "I knew it would be no good," Jane Stafford told the court when she was asked why she didn't ask for help. "It seemed he got away with everything."

That's why she decided to take matters — and the shotgun — in her own hands.

Although she was charged with murder, Billy Stafford was the person who was really on trial in the Liverpool courtroom. Putting the victim on trial, ironically, is an approach many feminists argue should not be allowed as a defence in rape trials.

Although he agrees he made Billy Stafford's character the focus of the trial, Allan Ferrier insists "it was all done completely within the rules of evidence." Having argued that she killed her common-law husband in self-defence because she was afraid he would harm her son, he says, "we were able to call corroborative witnesses to show that, yes, he was capable of carrying out his threats and, no, she didn't have any other reasonable avenues open to her."

Ferrier also concedes he didn't attempt to break any new legal ground in the case. He didn't, for example, try to claim self-defence on the grounds of cumulative provocation, a defence which has been tried in a number of domestic killings in Britain. In cases like the Stafford one, that argument goes, the actual incident that provoked the retaliation may be insignificant, but other events leading up to it can combine to make the response reasonable.

Ferrier says he saw no need to try to press the cumulative provocation argument because it's still not widely accepted and because he believed — rightly — that he could use the normal rules of evidence to let the jury know everything they would need or want to know about Billy. "We had five or six arguments about the admissibility of evidence during the trial," he notes, "and I won every one."

In the end, he says, the jury decided one thing and one thing only. "In this particular case and in this particular set of circumstances, Jane Stafford used reasonable force to defend herself against Billy Stafford." He pauses.

"I think it was the right decision in the circumstances, but I see women every day in my practice who have been beaten and abused. Let's not kid ourselves or offer them some kind of unrealistic hope. This verdict isn't going to make a damn bit of difference to them."

SPECIAL REPORT

Was the jury wrong?

A sympathetic jury of her peers acquitted Jane Stafford. But did it also distort a basic principle of law?

By Wayne MacKay

Criminal trials have been described as morality plays. The intended audience is not just those tempted by a life of crime, but also the general law-abiding public. For the majority who obey the law, it is important to see that offenders are punished. It makes them feel more confident in their virtue. A criminal trial also dramatizes the values of society and the extent to which we are willing to punish those who offend against these values.

Nova Scotia's criminal courts have provided many morality plays in recent months. The tragic and much-publicized James Odo murder trial explored the fine line between culpable murder and insanity. Although Odo had escaped the clutches of the law in the past, the jury was not willing to let this crime go unpunished. Another much publicized trial involved two Dartmouth police officers, David Cluett and Harry O'Donnell, accused of excessive use of force which resulted in the death of a Dartmouth man. This trial, and its court of appeal sequel, have a clear moral. Police officers are not above the law and must be restrained in their use of force.

The Donald Marshall case attracted national attention. Marshall, a Sydney Indian, spent 10½ years in prison for a murder it appears he did not commit. This is a very complex morality play with sub-plots of possible racism, gay-bashing and alleged police abuse of power. The moral of the Marshall case is that even with our criminal due process protections, we can still get the wrong man. Not all people arrested by the police are guilty of the crime charged.

Perhaps the strangest of the criminal cases that have made the public spotlight was the murder trial of Jane Stafford. She had killed her common-law husband with a shotgun, while he was in an intoxicated sleep behind the wheel of their truck. The law-abiding general public of Queens County did not find this act repulsive. A sympathetic jury acquitted Stafford and the local police said, "She deserves a medal."

The local jury was persuaded that this was a case of self-defence, in spite of the fact that there was no immediate threat to either Jane Stafford or her children at the time of the shooting. There was no doubt, on the evidence, that Jane Stafford had been subjected to an appalling life of sexual and physical abuse at the hands of Billy Stafford. Perhaps the jury felt that Billy Stafford was a continual threat to the life of his abused wife, and any act of

violence on her part was an act of self-defence.

It would have been easy to conclude that it was Billy Stafford who was on trial. His moral character was attacked, and his execution at the hands of his common-law wife approved. There was no due process or presumption of innocence for Billy Stafford. Is the moral that scoundrels do not have the same rights as decent people, such as Jane Stafford?

Some people have applauded the Stafford jury verdict as a successful quest for justice in the particular case. Few would suggest that Jane Stafford deserved a severe criminal penalty. She was clearly a victim of her tragic circumstances and did not have many realistic options. However, these factors would normally relate to the severity of her sentence, not to establishing whether she committed the crime. Is the moral of the Stafford case that an abused wife can kill her abusing husband (even when he is not immediately threatening), without engaging in the crime of murder?

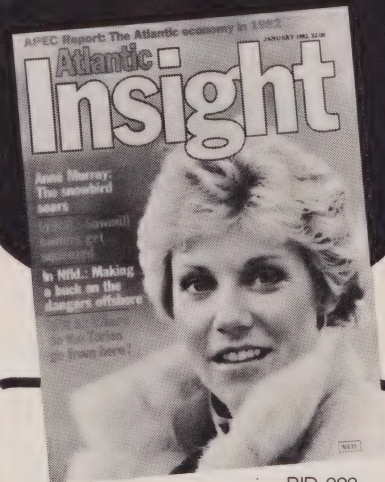
Is it the role of the jury to define the crime of murder? In a famous British criminal case, three people adrift in their lifeboat were forced to eat one of their comrades to stay alive. The defence of necessity was raised and rejected. The court concluded that murder had been committed and dispensed a very light sentence. Was Jane Stafford in a more desperate state than the drifting sailors who were forced to eat one of their mates?

It is hard to find much sympathy for Billy Stafford. But are such people fair targets for vigilante justice at a local level? There are still parts of rural China where baby girls are either drowned or left exposed to die. The family prefers to await the arrival of a boy, who is considered superior. Are the families who kill baby girls innocent of the crime of murder because their conduct is accepted in the local community?

There is obviously a place for the jury in our criminal system. It gives flexibility to the law. However, in its quest for justice in the individual case, a jury should not be permitted to distort principles. Whatever one thinks of the result in the Stafford case, it is difficult to support on the basis of principle. The meaning of this morality play is at best confusing and at worst disturbing. Jane Stafford was the person on trial but it was Billy Stafford who was found guilty.

Wayne MacKay is a professor of criminology in the Faculty of Law, Dalhousie University

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The elegant, crowded Kurfürstendamm comes alive at night

The two Berlins

It began as a divided town seven centuries ago, became a single city, then split again in the political aftermath of the Second World War. But despite the grim reality of the wall that divides it, Berlin — East and West — remains one of the world's most fascinating cosmopolitan cities

By Anne Kaptein

The view, as our plane descends towards Tegel Airport in West Berlin, is a deceptively tranquil one of lakes, woods and rivers: Deceptive because this part of Germany, with its soil drenched in the blood of Second World War casualties, is anything but tranquil. Along the outskirts of the city you can see fortifications and as the plane banks sharply and drops lower there, in full view, is a concrete wall, dotted with watchtowers. This is a part of the 160-km-long border encircling West Berlin. In quick succession come barbed wire fences, tank traps and more fences. Then — what relief — West Berlin's 154-m-high radio tower and the first high-rise buildings appear on the horizon. Just before we land, the aircraft circles and we get a glimpse of yet another wall, running straight through the centre of the city.

It's a grim welcome. Yet Berlin — East and West — is a fascinating city, the more so, perhaps, because of the ways in which two million West Berliners try to lead a normal life despite their confinement. The enclosed half-city is like an island, 170 km

inside the communist bloc. People even call themselves *Insulaner* (islanders). Ironically, Berlin started as a divided town seven centuries ago, but became a single city later on.

The airline bus takes us along the Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's Fifth Avenue, lined with modern offices, stores, hotels, theatres and outdoor restaurants. It's early March, with icy winds still blowing from Siberia, but Berliners in heavy overcoats, scarves and boots are already sitting in the outdoor cafés, their faces turned towards the sun. I am glad I don't have to drive here. The drivers are unusually aggressive and there doesn't seem to be any speed limit. Pedestrians, too, race along sidewalks, and I wonder why everybody here is in such a hurry. Coming from P.E.I., I am not used to this speed.

West Berlin looks like wall-to-wall people. The buses that crawl along the curbs are packed. You'll ride in more comfort (and faster) on the subway where frequent, clean and speedy trains transport you anywhere in West Berlin for 90¢

with unlimited transfers. but you'll see more of the city on top of a double-decker bus.

We are staying at the Hotel Ahorn, a modest establishment, only steps away from the "Kudamm," as locals call the Kurfürstendamm. Our clean, comfortable room for three, with bath and breakfast included, costs \$75 per day. A bargain in Berlin. You'll find a number of those small hotels off main streets.

I lived in Berlin until 1949, but now I hardly recognize my home town. The ruined city I left behind so many years ago has become a pulsating, affluent metropolis, and the drab, starving Berliners have changed into sophisticated, spoiled citizens, expecting — and getting — a generous measure of comfort and luxury. A cornucopia of essentials and luxuries pours into the city from West Germany, and the federal government in Bonn subsidizes the flow to the tune of \$4 billion a year. Without the subsidy, West Berlin couldn't offer its citizens such an extravagant lifestyle and Bonn is anxious to show its economic superiority to its Communist neighbor through the "Shop Window of the West" as Berlin is called. It infuriates the East Berlin government whose one million citizens make do under far more spartan conditions.

The biggest tragedy that has befallen postwar Berlin is the infamous, 42-km-long Wall, cutting off East from West Berlin. It was built in 1961 by Soviet-controlled East Berlin. Before that, people from the East would come over to the West in droves, their eyes bulging at an abundance of consumer goods. Many of them stayed in the West: Several thousand

refugees would arrive in West Berlin daily, until the Wall stopped the exodus.

Nowhere in the world has a mere wall cut into people's lives so cruelly and so drastically, tearing families and friends apart. At first, people on either side would climb on ladders and carry on a kind of conversation, shouting back and forth across the Wall. Mothers would hold up their new babies to let grandparents on the other side see them.

But those meetings stopped when East Berlin introduced a 300-m "death zone" on its side of the Wall, a strip studded with landmines, tank traps, machine gun-toting guards with dogs, electronic devices, alarms and see-in-the-dark television cameras. It was impossible to see friends and family on the other side, even with binoculars, and useless to shout messages across. On the west side of the Wall, the city has erected several wooden platforms, and if you climb on one of them, you'll get a glimpse of those elaborate fortifications. You'll also see the graves of those East Berliners who were foolhardy enough to risk an escape and never made it.

In spite of the stark political realities of the divided city, life in Berlin has its bright side. You'll begin to find it in the pleasures of the Kudamm. In the 16th century, it was a lonely country lane, used by peasants and hunters from the city on their way to the Grunewald (West Berlin's forest, part of an enormous greenbelt which surrounds the city). Today, the Kudamm is an elegant 3.5-km-long avenue whose shop windows bristle with fashions, cameras, jewelry and leather goods — all extremely expensive.

Berlin is a city of contrasts: Watching from a table at one of the Kudamm's cafés, you'll see elegantly dressed men and women walking side by side with pink-haired punks in rags; a moped driving next to a flashy Mercedes; young men, their hair cascading down to their waists striding past a middle-aged housewife, her hair pulled back in a bun and a shopping basket dangling from her arm. The other passers-by may be spies and diplomats, drug pushers and clergy, Allied officers and draft dodgers from West Germany (Berlin, still under Occupation, has no conscription).

At the eastern end of this exciting strip is the war ruin of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, built during the late 1800s for the first German kaiser, Wilhelm I. (Until then, Prussia had only kings.) In its crippled state, the church has become far more famous than ever before.

The Kaiser and his entourage on horseback once rode past here. Famous movie queens, such as Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Ingrid Bergman arrived at the theatre across the road to attend the premières of their films. Later, Hitler's Stormtroopers marched past, followed by a limousine with the Third Reich's dictator himself. The church was

still standing, though heavily damaged, when Russian troops stormed the city in April, 1945. A few months later, American and British tanks circled around this ruin. In 1963, President Kennedy gazed at the church, visibly moved, and today orators mill around here, extolling everything from life under socialism to the benefits of meditation.

At night the Kudamm really comes alive. "During the day we are awake," say the Berliners. "But at night, we are wide awake." You haven't really experienced the Kudamm until you've joined the throngs of tourists and locals, in a blaze of light, to look for amusement in the many theatres, bars, discos, cabarets and beer halls. The American novelist Thomas Wolfe wrote of "... the singing of the air by day, the unheard singing of the blood, and the great crowds thronging the Kurfürstendamm, the gay, crowded terraces of the great cafés..."

A block down from the Memorial Church, at the corner of the Kudamm and Joachimstaler Strasse, is the famous Kranzler Konditorei. This café was completely destroyed during the last war, but is now rebuilt, exactly as it was in Berlin's heyday. Generations of Berliners met their friends, their dates or business ac-

quaintances, to gossip, argue, make love or discuss world problems over a cup of coffee and a pastry smothered with whipped cream. They still do. I remember being taken to Kranzler as a child and peering longingly into those glass display cases, forced to choose one — only one — of the delicious pastries. Several decades later it's still a painful choice as I look at the same displays of *Schillerlocken* (puffed pastry filled with whipping cream), *Apfeltorte* (shortbread covered with apple slices, topped with streusel and icing) and the *Nusstörtchen* (small cakes made entirely of ground hazelnuts and eggs, covered with a heavenly icing and topped with half a walnut).

Pastries aside, Berlin isn't famous for its cuisine. The food is hearty, but the dishes lack imagination. Sauerkraut and pork hock is a favorite dish. So is *Königsberger Klopse* (boiled veal-and-pork meatballs in a sauce of lemon and capers). The spicy Berlin red cabbage often accompanies meat dishes. What the city's chefs lack in flair, they make up in generosity. Portions are huge and you'll have trouble getting through them. Prices are usually reasonable. For a good dinner for four with wine and excellent ser-



The Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church was heavily damaged in the Second World War



Children playing beside the Berlin wall

vice at the Hotel Ambassador, we paid \$120 (tip included).

You'll find *Berliner kneipen* (German-style pubs) all over the city, and while you're there, try their specialty, a *Berliner Weisse*. This is a white beer, served with a shot of raspberry syrup; the result is a bubbly, pink, tasty beverage.

When Berlin was divided into east and West in 1945, West Berlin got the prettier more prosperous parts of the city, while the Soviet sector got the bigger share of historical sites, industries and the poorer sections. One historical place of interest in West Berlin is the Charlottenburg Schloss, a vast rococo palace which King Frederic I built for his wife, Sophie-Charlotte, in 1695. Its splendid park alone is worth a visit. Part of the city's more recent history is the Plötzensee Memorial, a prison where those who plotted to assassinate Hitler in July, 1944, as well as scores of other resistance fighters, were hanged by the Nazis.

At Tempelhof Airport you'll see the Air Lift Memorial, which honors the 88 men (air crews and ground personnel) who died during the 1948-1949 Berlin Blockade when food, coal and medical supplies had to be airlifted by the Western Allies into the isolated city.

The Berlin Zoo (only five minutes from the Kudamm), with its beautiful landscaping, little ponds and bridges, grassy knolls under shady trees and comfortable benches, is a good place to escape to when the noisy crowded city has drained your energy. Europe's oldest zoo suffered great damage and losses of animals during the Second World War.

Terrified elephants, lions and tigers escaped from their bomb-damaged cages during air raids and roamed the streets until they were shot. Over the years, the zoo has been restocked with beasts and birds, and with the famous aquarium.

Adjoining the zoo is the vast Tiergarten Park, a former hunting ground of Prussian kings. At its centre is the Siegessäule (Victory Column) with a 67-m-high observation platform. From here you can see the Reichstag building at the edge of the park, leaning against the Wall. The former German parliament, it was faithfully reconstructed after the Second World War and now houses a restaurant and a fascinating exhibit of German history from 1800-1949. Look over the treetops and you'll see Berlin's well-known landmark, the Brandenburg Gate, just outside the Wall, in East Berlin. Nearby, but not visible from the platform, are the remnants of Nazi architecture: The ministries of Goering and Goebbels. Of Hitler's chancellery nothing remains except a grassy slope in the chancellery garden, covering the bunker where the Führer committed suicide in April, 1945.

To see the "Old Berlin", you'll have to go to the older and poorer outlying districts where life continues as it was before the Second World War. Here you'll find the old gabled houses, some sagging from age and open-air markets on cobbled squares bursting with color and life. Old trams still rumble through narrow streets; the chimney sweep, complete with brushes, rope and top hat still makes his rounds, and the organ grinder peddles his music on busy street corners.

"Our city is closed in," says West Berlin's charismatic mayor, Richard Von Weizsacker. "But it is not a cage." Many citizens share his opinion. I ask my old schoolfriend if she feels caged in. "No, not really," she replies. "There is so much to do here that we forget about the barricades around us."

There is so much to do and that's why Berliners are always in such a hurry. Sports events are important here, either at the 12,000-seat Deutschlandhalle or at the huge (and still modern) Olympic Stadium, built by the Nazis for the 1936 Olympic Games. Theatres, opera, and the famous Berlin Philharmonic offer superb entertainment. In good weather, people drive out to the Tegel and Grunewald woods with their miles of hiking paths, or they go to the Wannsee Strandbad (the 1.5-km sandy beach on Lake Wannsee). Occasionally, their excursions go a little too far and they find themselves at the "outer wall" where they have to turn back. "But that's life," my friend says, shrugging.

A British journalist once described Berliners as tough, sharp-tongued, sentimental and convivial. I'd like to add: Cosmopolitan and witty. But they have never been too well liked by other Germans. Even the great poet Goethe called them "an impertinent species of mankind." Maybe. There really isn't much love lost between the Berliners and their compatriots. But you, as a foreigner, will be most welcome in their city. Since people here are cosmopolitan, they love to see visitors from other countries. They most likely will start a conversation with you in their best English

or French. They'll be charming, and you'll wonder why the people in Hamburg and Munich think Berliners aren't nice people.

Your visit to Berlin, though, won't be complete without a glimpse behind the "Iron Curtain." People from the East are forbidden to visit West Berlin (except for old-age pensioners), but West Germans and foreigners can now go to East Berlin on a day pass.

I arrive at Friedrichstrasse Station, one of the two checkpoints into East Berlin. Clutching my Canadian passport, I make my way past the grim-faced, gun-toting border guards patrolling the platforms with their dogs. I join a long line for "Aliens" (technically, I am an alien in my own home town). Half an hour later, I enter a tiny cubicle and the door behind me slams shut. An officer checks my passport against the state's enemies list and then hands it over to another officer. This one glances repeatedly from my face to the photograph in my passport. It's an old picture, I no longer have the long, blond hair and the man seems suspicious. I fill out a customs declaration, listing all monies I carry, and pay \$2.50 for a visa.

"Do you understand German?" the officer asks. I nod. "You have to be back at this checkpoint not later than midnight," he says. I don't dare ask what will happen to me should I be late. He presses a buzzer and a narrow door ahead of me opens slowly (I wonder how the obese pass through here). I enter a huge hall where my shopping bags are searched.

"For whom are the coffee and chocolates?" an arrogant youth snaps. I tell him they are for my cousin and her family. "Any printed matter on you?" he asks. Whatever is printed in the West is considered propaganda, hence prohibited. I have none and may leave. Now I join a long queue at the cashier where I exchange 25 West marks for the same amount of East marks, an amount set by the East authorities. This is my spending money for the day. Finally, I emerge into Friedrichstrasse and meet my relatives for the first time in 35 years. On my return trip, I'll have to go through the same procedures again.

If this sounds like too much trouble, you can take a sightseeing bus tour which leaves the Kudamm every hour. The tour guide will take care of all border-crossing formalities, and since picture taking in East Berlin is forbidden, he will hold your camera for the duration of the tour. At the border, an English-speaking Communist guide will board the bus and you'll be taken along the main attractions of Berlin's historic city centre.

This part of Berlin was nothing but a huge rubbish heap in 1945 when the war ended. Now it's been rebuilt and many of the old buildings faithfully restored, among them the State Opera and the Humboldt University on "Old Berlin's" fashionable avenue, Unter den

Linden. Here you'll also see East German soldiers in Russian-style helmets goose-stepping past the Neue Wache (New Guard House), built in 1818, and now called the Monument to victims of Fascism and Militarism, and you may wonder whether Prussian militarism is experiencing a resurrection.

The guide keeps up a running commentary sprinkled with illustrious names: "...Albert Einstein taught physics here... Lenin worked in this library... Karl Marx was a student here..." You'll also be taken to the Soviet War Memorial with its military cemetery where 2,600 Soviet soldiers are buried. For sheer size and opulence it is overpowering. But, though your trip to East Berlin will be interesting, you'll return to the Kudamm with a feeling of relief.

A few good points about East Berlin should be mentioned: The absence of crime. No wonder, though: The "People's Police" are at every corner, day and night. There are no traffic tie-ups. Many people cannot afford cars and the broad avenues appear almost deserted. You won't see any punks, squatters, drug pushers or agitators and, except for luxuries, everything is cheap here. A 10-cent bus ticket will take you wherever you want to go. Rent for a new one-bedroom apartment (if you can get one) is \$50; older ones go for half that much. And an average meal with beer in a restaurant is \$3.

Everyone here is terribly curious about life in "capitalist" North America. "How is life in Canada?" a Communist party member asks with a trace of sarcasm in his voice. I am careful not to show off, so I simply say. "It's all right." There is another question: "Do you enjoy the same political freedom we have here?" He must be joking! I assure him that we have plenty of personal freedom in Canada. I know it is dangerous to do so, but I have to ask him why the East had to put up the horrible wall. "To stop our brain drain to the West," is the curt answer.

From 10 p.m. on, I keep glancing at my watch. I have to be out of East Berlin by midnight, and by 11 p.m. I am getting positively nervous. There is plenty of time, my relatives assure me, but I insist we leave for the station. With only five minutes to spare, I re-enter West Berlin.

Later, as we leave Tegel Airport at night, bound for home, our plane is caught in crossbeams of strong searchlights, coming from East German border guards. I wish the lights would go away. But they follow us, making sure the aircraft doesn't stray from the set air corridor, one of three, linking West Berlin with West Germany. "We are now approaching West German territory," the captain announces. Searchlights, observation towers and guards, the Kudamm, family and friends, all are left behind. In another world, it seems.



The Kurfürstendamm area: West Berlin got the prettier parts of the city

MASTER/ETHEL STACEY



The great Maritime ski race

Cross-country skiing, once an exotic Scandinavian import, has taken firm root in Atlantic Canada. Just ask the hundreds of skiers who join New Brunswick's 110-km endurance test every February

Cross-country skiing is the greatest physical conditioner there is," says Rudi Richter. "You can do it as long as you live." Richter, 61, of Riley Brook, N.B., ought to know. Son of a former European grand chef who immigrated to Canada because he loved to hunt, he's been competing in cross-country skiing, and has been a missionary for the sport, since 1939 — long before it became a fashionable recreation in Canada.

But now it is fashionable, not only for wiry sorts like Richter, who keeps in shape by running at least six miles a day, but also for matrons, adolescents, snow bunnies and recent graduates of arm-chair football. During its Canadian genesis, from the mid- to late-Seventies, "sales were wild," recalls Paul Viger, whose Trail Shop is headquarters for cross-country buffs in Fredericton, N.B. Now, he says, "it's an established sport, firmly ingrained in Canadian culture."

You can find evidence to back that up early one Saturday morning in February at the airfield in Grafton, opposite Woodstock, in the Saint John River Valley. It's the start of the annual Maritime Marathon Ski Tour (this year's is Feb. 5 and 6), a two-day, 110-km trek over hill and dale to the outskirts of Fredericton. Every year several hundred skiers participate, creating a frosty tableau which resembles wirephotos of mass-participation cross-country skiing in Norway.

At the head of the pack are the huskies, the serious competitors who will be testing their speed and endurance against the clock. Some will use the event as a warm-up for an even larger competi-

tion — the 160-km Canadian Ski Marathon between Lachute, Que., and Ottawa later in the month. Last year's winner was a University of New Brunswick student, Grant Mitchell, who covered the distance in eight hours, 41 minutes, but the group always includes a few skiers of Rudi Richter's vintage.

Then come the casual skiers, from children to adults, whose staying power ranges from just a leg or two of the trail to the entire distance.

"The main spirit is to have fun," says Jacques Paynter, a member of the organizing committee. Most people do, coming to Grafton from all over New Brunswick as well as Nova Scotia, Quebec, Maine and other eastern states. "It's a wonderful event," says Dr. David G. McCurdy, a retired Halifax physician who took up cross-country skiing nine years ago, and in 1982, at age 69, was the second-oldest male finisher in the Maritime Tour.

McCurdy extols the "motion and exhilaration" of the Marathon, "the thrill of coming down some fairly good hills, and every few minutes the scenery changes." The trail alternately plunges through deep forest, over open countryside, along power lines, even through a covered bridge. There is a special magic in skiing to places one wouldn't normally see — a cedar swamp, for example, mosquito-ridden in summer but beautiful in winter.

It isn't all esthetics, however. There are also hills to climb, and sometimes the weather, especially at the beginning, can be wretchedly cold. Skiers must guard against frostbite and hypothermia, a

condition in which the internal body temperature drops to the point where a person becomes disoriented and unable to function properly, even developing a feeble pulse and, sometimes, irregular heartbeat. In one memorable marathon a few years ago, skiers had to cross a long stretch of the windswept Mactaquac headpond upriver from Fredericton. So biting was the windchill that many skiers didn't even attempt the stretch, and it was touch and go whether some who did would make it without help. Much of that part of the trail was later rerouted into the safer shelter of the woods.

The two clubs that organize the Marathon, Fredericton's Wostawea and nearby Oromocto's Pole 'n' Ski, begin their work in September, checking the trails and cutting new growth that might impede the skiers. By the time of the Marathon, 175 volunteers participate. They include members of two amateur radio clubs, army personnel from Base Gagetown who provide vehicles and equipment for the feeding stations, even snowmobilers who help groom the trail.

The 110-km distance is divided into nine legs, with checkpoints where skiers can get hot liquids and continue, or catch a bus back to town. "The volunteers who deserve the most credit are those who stand at the checkpoints and freeze," says this year's chairman, Dean Munde.

But for most skiers the experience is a good deal more pleasant. Though Barb Hart of Douglas, N.B., near Fredericton, refers to the Marathon as an "endurance test," she says it's "very exciting to be with 500 people." For her, the marathon is "a competition with yourself," and the rewards along the way include exercise, the view from the top of Crabbe Mountain, the midway point where the first day's skiing ends, and the special thrill that comes to a 40-year-old mother of four as she skis past "teenagers sitting on a snowbank all burned out."

—David Folster
and Lorraine Lovett



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
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Oh, it's awful to be a "WASP"

"If you call me that one more time, you nasty bigot, I'll report you to the Human Rights Commission"

When I went months without a haircut, a woman friend derided my "WASP-Afro." I thought that was concise and funny. It never occurred to me to be insulted. Was I too complacent? Was I too stupid to recognize a vicious, racial slur when I heard one? Apparently so. When *The Globe and Mail* used "WASP" in a small heading, an incensed R.T. Richards, Frankford, Ont., said, "There are millions of Britons (Celts for example) who cannot be remotely labelled Anglo-Saxon." He wanted the paper "to discard the cliché 'WASP,' which is increasingly used as an inaccurate racial slur, and refer to people by their correct descriptions: British Protestant, Anglo-Saxon Protestant, etc." Responding to Richards, G.K. Brown, Toronto, made a case for Aryan Protestant English Speaking, the acronym for which is APES. Naughty G.K. Brown.

If accuracy is the obsession here, I'll insist that any newspaper that wants to describe me must use, "White, Canadian Lapsed Protestant (United Church) Whose Father's Parents Were Methodists, Whose Mother's Mother Was a Rosicrucian, and Whose Forebears Include Scots, English, Proper Bostonians, and if You Follow the Bruce Line Back to Shortly After the Battle of Hastings, Perhaps a Norman or Two as Well." Let's see someone make an acronym out of that.

The Globe's use of WASP also stung Irene Motadelli, an Ottawa woman of English Protestant origin: "It seems certain that the term refers only to bad qualities and shows a considerable prejudice on the part of the user." How does she know that? *The Globe* had said, "Blatant Bias Suggested in Treatment of WASPs," and it seems certain to me, if not to Motadelli, that that shows not "considerable prejudice" but simply the head-writer's routine duty to cram meaning into available space. Why are people so easily offended these days? Why do so many sniff out insults to themselves in the words of writers who never intended to insult anyone?

"On the CBC," Motadelli continued, "I heard a well-known Canadian broadcaster of Polish origin talking quite complacently about human 'WASPs.' How furious he would be if I referred to him as a 'Polack.'" Again I ask, how does she know that? The broadcaster is almost certainly Peter Gzowski. I've known him for 22 years, and even though he's more WASP than Pole, I really doubt if her

calling him a "Polack" would enrage him. He's not ashamed of his background. After all, it includes one of the most amazing characters in Canadian history, railroad-builder Sir Casimir Gzowski. He was Peter's great-grandfather, and a great "Polack."

Bernice Morgan of St. John's, Nfld., feels the same way about "Newfie" as Motadelli does about WASP. In an angry letter to *Atlantic Insight* (November, 1982), she says "Newfie" was the insulting invention of U.S. soldiers during the Second World War. That may be so, but the *Dictionary of Newfoundland English* suggests that by 1945 Newfoundlanders were calling themselves Newfies. The American soldiers, Morgan asserts, "used the word in exactly the same way, and with exactly the same inflection, as they used the term 'nigger boy.'" Leaving aside the difficulty of determining how many Americans were chatting about "nigger boys" on the Rock 40 years ago, and granting her point, there's something I'd like her to understand. It's that the meanings of such labels change.

"Canuck" was once a sneer that New Englanders applied to migrant French-Canadian lumbermen. It became the proud designation of all Canadians and, in the case of "Johnny Canuck," even a comic-book hero. "DP," short for "Displaced Person," went the other way. Once an innocent, official label for incoming refugees, it became an ugly epithet, loaded with bigotry, for East European immigrants. Like "hunkie." Americans are happy to be known as "Yankees" now, but the word was once an expression of southern hatred, and in nations where mobs scream, "Yankee, go home!" it's still not exactly an endearment. Some supersensitive British-born Canadians see "Brit" as a grievous insult, a reaction I find incomprehensible. A Nova Scotian woman who'd moved to Ontario once wrote to me with the amazing complaint that nasty bigots up there called her a "bluenoser." Till then, I'd never known a Nova Scotian who didn't regard "bluenoser" as a term of respect. That's certainly what it was in the age of sail. And no matter what some long-gone Yankee soldiers meant by "Newfie," it is now so mildly insulting, if it's insulting at all, that comparing its offensiveness to that of "nigger boy" strikes me, at any rate, as trivializing the story of blacks who died horribly a long time ago and a long way from Newfoundland.


I know, however, that Morgan cer-



tainly didn't intend to give me that impression. Intentions are the point. What matters when someone uses such labels is not always the word itself but, rather, the *intention* of the user. Is he or she trying to say "dumb, filthy Polack" or "crazy, lovable Polack?" In defining my hairstyle, was my friend calling me a stupid, basically conventional, white Protestant male with the faddish effrontery to grow an inappropriate abundance of woolly hair? Or was she making an affectionate joke? I know the answer, which is one reason why I still like her. In short, you can use "WASPs" and "Newfies," without having a low opinion of WASPs and Newfies. If people only understood that, they would not come on all hot, bothered and knee-jerking whenever they see syllables they imagine to be eternally offensive.

I grant that some names, regardless of the user's intention, are disgusting. "Nigger" is such a word. I don't use "frog," "wog," or "kike," either. I know men who do, but I also know that none of them would ever join the Ku Klux Klan, beat up French Canadians, stone Pakistanis or bait Jews. Bigotry is a field in which actions really do speak one hell of a lot louder than words.

Recalling her post-war childhood in *Confessions*, Barbara Amiel asks, "How could little English girls, nearly swept away by the evil of a neighboring racist state a few years earlier, merrily continue 'jewing' each other down or working like 'niggers' on their school assignments? How could we not learn?" Her startling answer is that there was no lesson to learn: "Perhaps we knew, instinctively, that (contrary to what the officious sterilizers of thought and language would now have us believe) there was *no* connection between our stereotypes or adjectives and the gas chambers of Auschwitz. The Nazis were not monsters grown big from our puppy-monsters of caricatures and silly nursery rhymes; they belonged to a different species altogether."

Sticks, stones and death camps may break your bones. But names? 

The rum-running revival

The trade's not quite as big as during prohibition days. But, with liquor prices soaring, some people are making a full-time job of smuggling bargain booze into Newfoundland

It's illegal, but at \$156 a case, it's just too tempting for many Newfoundlanders to pass up. That's the going price for a dozen 40-ounce bottles of rum smuggled from the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off Newfoundland's south coast. And, because it's less than half the liquor-store price, the days of the legendary rum-runners are far from over.

RCMP say that every week, 300 to 1,000 cases of booze, mostly rum, are smuggled into communities on the Burin Peninsula on Newfoundland's craggy south coast. "It's no longer just an income supplement," says Sgt. Tom Lowe of the Grand Bank RCMP detachment. "It's a full-time occupation for some people."

Even if the Mounties are off by 50% in their estimate of the size of the trade, it's still a lot of booze, most of which would sell for \$341 a case in a Newfoundland government liquor store. Lowe says the smugglers' biggest customers are lounge and restaurant owners and, occasionally, private citizens planning a party. Most customers are from south and central Newfoundland, from Bay d'Espoir northward to Springdale and east to Gander.

St. John's was the rum-runners' haven during prohibition years, 1917-1924 in Newfoundland, a fact that drove the local clergy to denounce the illicit trade regularly from the pulpit. But Lowe says present-day rum-runners have enough of a local market to keep them from venturing to the capital city. Besides it's too risky.

Although it's common knowledge that not all the tidy, white boats plying the waters near St. Pierre are fishing, smuggling arrests are rare. The last big bust was in November, when police seized 43 bags of contraband, including 500, 40-ounce bottles of liquor, some cigarettes and two, five-litre bottles of pure alcohol. Before that, RCMP had not had a significant haul since August, 1981.

Lowe says there are few arrests because the detachment is understaffed and has only one patrol boat, which also has to transport officers to outport communities, and serve as a part-time ambulance and pollution control vehicle. And Newfoundlanders generally accept rum-running, he says: It's a time-honored profession that's been passed down from father to son for generations.

This tolerance may be due partly to the miserable failure of prohibition. Rather than cutting down on liquor con-

sumption, it caused Newfoundlanders to rebel and drink more than ever. Sales of liquor for "medicinal purposes" during prohibition climbed from \$60,462 in 1917 to \$467,583 in 1921.

Judges and government officials often turned a blind eye to activities of the early rum-runners. One account in the files of the Newfoundland Historical Society recounts the sentencing of a convicted rum-runner. The judge, noted for his dry wit, said, "I am sorry that the law leaves me no choice but to impose this penalty. But my good man, let it be a lesson to you. Always remember there is no sin in smuggling unless you're caught." Another account describes how the Newfoundland government allowed rum-runners to store their wet goods in bonded warehouses for a minimum duty

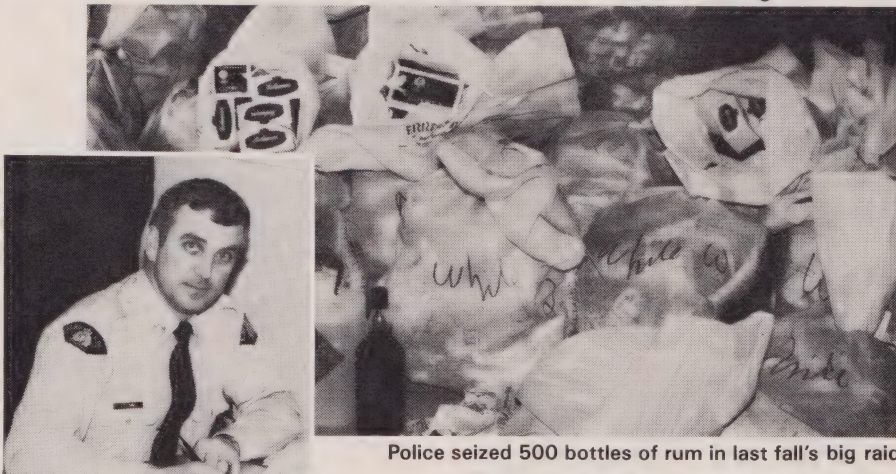
work of informers in Newfoundland and St. Pierre.

One of the enforcement problems, Lowe says, is that the booze is all made in Canada (St. Pierre imposes a 100% duty, but the smugglers escape Canadian taxes). It's labelled the same — Ron Carioca is a favored brand — as the liquor sold in government stores. Unless the smugglers are caught red-handed, it's hard for police to prove the seized goods came from St. Pierre.

Like their predecessors, today's rum-runners know all the tricks of the trade. They have radio-equipped lookouts and a good knowledge of RCMP patrol schedules, and their vessels usually are faster than the Mounties' boats.

Lowe says the Mounties don't get much co-operation from St. Pierre and Miquelon liquor merchants; they're not doing anything illegal and they're turning a tidy profit.

Today's trade, vigorous though it is, is still small beer compared with the golden days of rum-running. During the United States prohibition — the late Twenties and early Thirties — St. Pierre was often called the filling-station for



Police seized 500 bottles of rum in last fall's big raid

Lowe: "It's a full-time occupation"

fee. If you had a friend on the government liquor board, you could usually place an order for a private party.

The early smugglers devised ingenious methods of hiding their cargoes. One used to stop at a convent in Bay Bulls and offer the nuns a ride into St. John's. Then he'd drive past the police with his black-robed passengers, who were blissfully unaware that the trunk was filled with liquor. Unfortunately for the smuggler, his storehouse in St. John's — a church bell tower — was eventually discovered.

Over the years, smuggler-trapping techniques haven't changed much. During prohibition, police and customs agents used to camp in tents along the shore, waiting for smugglers to land with their illegal cargoes. Nowadays, it's pretty much the same, except that the Mounties have radar and a well paid net-

fast cutters and schooners that plied the eastern seaboard, their holds bulging with contraband. Canada's honorary consul on St. Pierre, Jean-Pierre Andrieux, who has documented the early trade, says 300,000 cases of liquor were shipped out of St. Pierre each month to east coast ports, mainly in the U.S. The islands were the North American storage base for Canadian distilleries such as Seagram's and Corby's.

The RCMP is hoping their new customs and excise enforcement team on the Burin Peninsula will cut down on today's smuggling trade. Set up in October, the team was responsible for the November raid. But curtailing the trade won't be easy. Newfoundlanders drink more liquor than other Canadians, except for people in the Yukon, and with prices in liquor stores soaring, more people may find it makes economic sense to patronize their local smugglers.

—Bonnie Woodworth

February bills and chills got you down? Run away. But don't leave Atlantic Canada. Plan a winter weekend vacation with your valentine at one of the region's charming, old hotels and inns. Here's a sampler:

EIGHT ROMANTIC HIDEAWAYS

By Sue MacLeod

Amid February chills and post-holiday bills, romance can sound like a mere memory, far removed from day-to-day living. Yet February brings us the year's only holiday for lovers — a day that challenges us to rise above the mundane, to escape from the winter blues to an unforgettably romantic rendezvous. The following vacation spots, catering to a variety of romantic moods and inclinations, are well suited for a Valentine weekend getaway. And they're all in Atlantic Canada. For additional accommodations available during winter months, contact the tourism information office in Nova Scotia (toll free 1-800-565-7105), New Brunswick (toll free 1-800-561-0123), Prince Edward Island (902) 892-2457, or Newfoundland (709) 737-2835.

SHADOW LAWN HOTEL, ROTHESAY, N.B.

Proprietors: Willie and Jean Ward, (506) 847-7539

A fine old country home on a 2½-acre wooded lot, the Shadow Lawn was built as a summer home in the 1870s. It has eight guest rooms (six with private bath), a quiet bar complete with fireplace and a blend of antique and contemporary furniture. The dining room features lace tablecloths, fine china and Jean Ward's legendary Beef Wellington. First choice for lovers: The Diefenbaker Room, named for the former prime minister who once slept there, with romantic fourposter bed and working

fireplace. The Wards, who came to Canada from England in 1966, have operated the hotel for the past 15 years in the comfortable style of an English country inn. The affluent, tree-lined village of Rothesay is nine miles from Saint John and close to cross-country ski trails. Rates: \$32 a night per couple.

AUBERGE ELM LODGE INN, SAINT STEPHEN, N.B.

Proprietors: Allen and Marlene Phillip's, (506) 466-3771

A five-minute walk from the Canada-U.S. border, this charming old inn has antique furniture, six large fireplaces, two popular bars and an elegant parlor with a pre-Confederation pump organ. Six of the eight guest rooms have private baths; three have working fireplaces. The Bridal Suite features a fourposter canopy bed dating back to 1850, a fireplace and an old-fashioned bath. The Phillip'ses offer cross-country ski specials and other packages: "You name the price and we'll design a package to fit your needs." The inn's European-trained chef has created an extensive menu including such specialties as English sherry trifle and Atlantic salmon with lobster sauce. You can also design your own six-course chef's table or arrive in time for the annual Valentine's dinner. Rates: \$30-\$50 a night per couple, including continental breakfast. Honeymoon-anniversary package (open to all lovers): \$135 per couple, including a night's lodging in the Bridal Suite, a bottle of wine, and a full Victorian

breakfast-in-bed, complete with champagne.

VICTORIA VILLAGE INN, VICTORIA, P.E.I.

Proprietor: Larry Peck, (902) 658-2288

Innkeeper Larry Peck won an Architectural Preservation Award for the restoration of this century-old Island home, former residence of sea captain Alan MacLean, whose trading schooner sailed from Victoria harbor to Europe and the West Indies. The Inn has a wood stove, comfortable period furniture, Island hooked rugs and a cheery dining room with simple, healthful food. Peck, who says the Inn appeals to "active, outdoorsy" people, describes it as a great place for "putting your feet up and chatting." He offers four guest rooms with shared bath. The cosy village of Victoria, 15 minutes east of the Borden ferry on the Northumberland Strait, is in a popular cross-country ski area. Ski rentals and sleigh rides are available nearby. Rates: \$25 a night per couple, including breakfast.

SILVER FOX INN, SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.

Proprietor: Julie Simmons (902) 436-4033

A historic Harris house (designed by famed Island architect William Critchlow Harris in the late 19th century) on a quiet, tree-lined street in central Summerside, the Silver Fox Inn has elegant period furniture, a crackling fire in the



GORD JOHNSTON

sitting room, pretty area rugs on hardwood floors. Julie Simmons, who opened the Inn in 1981, named it to commemorate Summerside's role in the fox industry of the early 1900s. She offers continental and full breakfasts — visitors love her home-made muffins and jams — and has six guest rooms, each with private bath. Honeymooners select the Blue Fox Room, with soft, blue decor and queen size bed, or the Platinum Fox Room, with its own working fireplace. Evening meals are not available, but several restaurants are within walking distance. The Crosswinds ski area, 7 km away, has a dining room, lounge and cross-country ski rentals. Summerside's annual Mardi Gras takes place Feb. 10-15. Rates: \$34 a night per couple. Weekend Get-Away package: \$55 per couple, for two nights' lodging. All rates include continental breakfast.

SHIRETOWN INN, SAINT ANDREWS, N.B.

*Proprietors: Ian and Leni MacKay,
(506) 529-8877*

A 101-year-old Inn in a year-round resort town, the Shiretown is the oldest existing "summer hotel" in Canada. In earlier days, Franklin D. Roosevelt used to visit the Inn from his summer home on nearby Campobello Island. Leni and Ian MacKay have operated it since 1962, serving "simple, Charlotte County cooking" in a comfortable, old-style atmosphere. The Tea Room, the smallest and cosiest of the Shiretown's two dining rooms, looks out on the town's charming main street. Guests can relax in front of the fire in the Chart Room parlor, visit the Inn's quiet pub or its sitting rooms overlooking Saint Andrews harbor. Twenty-six guest rooms (in-

cluding six in a new addition) feature private baths, color TVs and a mix of period and contemporary furniture. This friendly, bustling inn is only a few minutes' walk from boutiques, craft and antique shops. Winter weekend rates: \$25 per couple for one night, \$35 for two nights, \$45 for three nights. Week-night rates: \$140 per person, double occupancy, for two nights' lodging, including three meals a day.

BLOMIDON INN, WOLFFVILLE, N.S.

*Proprietors: Peter and Gale Hastings,
(902) 542-9326*

Built in 1877 as a residence for sea captain Rufus Burgess, "the grandest house in Kings County" is set on three acres of landscaped lawn, has seven working fireplaces and lustrous mahogany panelling. Peter and Gale Hastings, who opened it as an inn in 1981, have filled the Blomidon with antique furniture, including fourposter pineapple beds, handmade quilts and oriental carpets. Guests can play backgammon, chess and cards in front of the crackling fire in the Rose Room, relax in the small library or mingle in the formal Blue Room, with its twin, black marble fireplaces. There are 11 guest rooms, nine with private baths. Romantic choices: The Acadia Room, with cosy wicker-furnished sitting area, and the Captain Burgess room, with its own toasty fireplace. Each is tucked away in a secluded corner of the house. Breakfast and afternoon tea are served daily — be sure to try Mrs. Hastings' home-made molasses bread — and the dining room is open on weekend evenings. The active university town offers restaurants, cultural events, an outdoor skating arena. It's a five-minute drive to cross country ski trails and rentals, 30 minutes to downhill skiing at Martock. Fireside Special rates: \$150 per couple for two nights' lodging, including four full breakfasts, dinners and afternoon teas. Note: This year, unfortunately, the Blomidon is booked fully as accommodation for graduate students from Acadia University.

MILFORD HOUSE, HIGHWAY #8, 22 KM SOUTH OF ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

Manager: Warren "Bud" Miller, (902) 532-2834

The Milford House keeps two cabins open year-round, ideal for lovers who really want to get away from it all. The fully winterized cabins, built four years ago, are 500 feet from the highway, nestled in the woods overlooking Boot Lake. "We don't plow it out," notes Bud Warren, who has



Blomidon Inn: Fireplaces and fourposters

managed the Milford House lodge and cabins for the past 40 years, "but on stormy days I'll be glad to give you a ride down on my snowmobile." The two winterized cabins are simply furnished, with natural wood interiors. Each is equipped with a fridge, shower, a two-burner hot plate, a fireplace and a welcome supply of firewood and kindling. The area is a haven for snowshoers, cross-country skiers and nature lovers. Be sure to bring your own skis and a supply of food and liquor, though. The Milford House lodge and dining room is closed during winter months, and it's a 24-km drive to the nearest shopping area. The two-bedroom cabins rent for \$49 a night for two people, \$67 when shared by two couples.

THE GLYNMILL INN, CORNER BROOK, Nfld.

*Manager: Richard McBurney,
(709) 634-5181*

Old world charm in a mock-Tudor-style inn, facing Glynmill Pond on one side, overlooking beautiful Bay of Islands on the other. Once a staff house for International Power and Paper workers, the old wing, built in 1924, has an air of earlier times. It has 60 rooms and six suites; an addition built by Eastern Provincial Airways, which bought the place in the late Seventies, has 30 rooms. The Carriage House dining room has white tablecloths, sterling silver service and Newfoundland cuisine. (A cod selection is even included on the breakfast menu.) The intimate Wine Cellar features steaks and an extensive wine selection. Guests can relax in the quiet Tudor Room lounge or drive two miles for downhill and cross-country skiing at Marble Mountain. Corner Brook's Winter Carnival is held February 14-19. Weeknight rates: \$42-\$50 per couple. Weekend special: \$33 a night. ☑



The Shiretown Inn: Franklin D. Roosevelt used to drop in

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Robert Norwood Collection, Public Archives of Nova Scotia

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CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Feb. — Fredericton Express plays: Sherbrooke, Feb. 1; Nova Scotia, Feb. 5, 19; Hershey, Feb. 8; Binghamton, Feb. 15; Rochester, Feb. 17; Moncton, Feb. 22; Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Feb. 4 — N.B. String Quartet, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton

Feb. 6 — René Cormier and Arsène Cormier: Flute and piano concert, W.A. Losier High School, Tracadie

Feb. 10-13 — Winter Carnival, Dieppe

Feb. 10-13 — Bantam Hockey Tournament, Caraquet

Feb. 10-13 — Men's N.B. Labatt Tankard Championship, Edmundston Curling Club

Feb. 11-13 — N.B. Open Badminton Championships, Millidgeville High School, Saint John

Feb. 12 — Fraser Cup Races, Sugarloaf Provincial Park, Campbellton

Feb. 12 — Robert Silverman: Pianist, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Feb. 12, 13 — Atlantic Cup, N.B. Cup No. 3, Crabbe Mountain, near Fredericton

Feb. 14-March 7 — Kurelek People and Places: Fifty-five of Kurelek's most outstanding canvases, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Feb. 14-March 12 — Calling Forth the Spirits: Drawings by Peter Archambault, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Feb. 16-20 — PeeWee Hockey Tournament, Shippegan

Feb. 17 — Peter Ungin: Violinist, The Playhouse, Fredericton

Feb. 17-20 — Winter Carnival, Bathurst

Feb. 27 — Nancy Green Ski-Off, Poley Mountain, Sussex

NEWFOUNDLAND

Feb. — Répercussion: An eclectic mix of traditional and contemporary percussion music, Arts and Culture Centres: Feb. 14, St. John's; Feb. 15, Gander; Feb. 17, Corner Brook

Feb. 1-12 — Boyd Holloway: An exhibit of landscapes, Burin Peninsula Arts Centre, Marystown

Feb. 1-28 — Works by Pudlo Pudat, Memorial University, Art Gallery, St. John's

Feb. 7-9 — Syd Martin: Old-fashioned concert, Gander

Feb. 9 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra presents music by Haydn and Beethoven, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 17-March 5 — Heritage Day: Collections from residents, Burin Peninsula Arts Centre, Marystown

Feb. 18, 19 — Newfoundland Dance Theatre, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 18-20 — Nascopie: Curling bonspiel, Carol Curling Club, Labrador City

Feb. 18-27 — Winter Carnival: Dance, parade, ski races, curling, Corner Brook

Feb. 19-27 — Winter Carnival: Sports, entertainment, Stephenville

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Feb. 3 — Singin' and Dancin' Tonight, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Feb. 9 — Murray McLauchlan: Singer, Confederation Centre

Feb. 12 — P.E.I. Symphony presents "Out with Winter! Begone Cabin Fever!" Confederation Centre

Feb. 13 — Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert Series presents "The Clartrorian Ensemble — Clarinet, Trombone and Piano," Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Feb. 16-March 13 — Francis Da Silva: Paintings and murals, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Feb. 18, 19 — Island Community Theatre presents "A Summer Island," Confederation Centre

NOVA SCOTIA

Feb. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Sherbrooke, Feb. 3; Fredericton, Feb. 6; Hershey, Feb. 10; Binghamton, Feb. 13; Moncton, Feb. 17; Rochester, Feb. 20; Metro Centre, Halifax

Feb. 1-18 — Lunenburg County Artists: A juried exhibit of paintings, drawings, prints and sculpture, Pictou-Antigonish Regional Library, New Glasgow

Feb. 3-25 — Nova Scotia Art on Paper: Forty-one works by 32 artists, Lunenburg Art Gallery

Feb. 4-27 — Neptune Theatre presents "Filthy Rich," a Canadian detective story, Halifax

Feb. 7-March 18 — Ruth Wainwright: Drawings, watercolors and oil paintings, from 1925 to 1980, Old Kings Courthouse, Kentville

Feb. 11-March 6 — Atlantic Visions: Crafts from the four Atlantic provinces, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

Feb. 14-March 11 — Student Choices from the Permanent Collection, Bloomfield Centre, Antigonish

Feb. 17 — Great Guitars: Charlie Byrd, Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Feb. 18 — The Jarvis Benoit Quartet, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Feb. 18-20 — Square Dance Weekend, Old Orchard Inn, Greenwich

Feb. 21-26 — Nova Scotia Kiwanis Music Festival, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Feb. 24-27 — Halifax International Boat Show, Metro Centre, Halifax

MARKETPLACE

BOOKS

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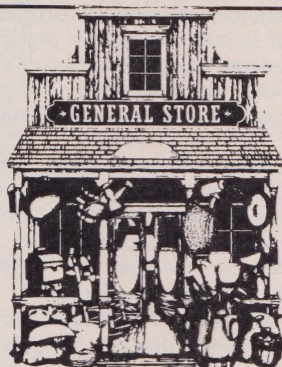
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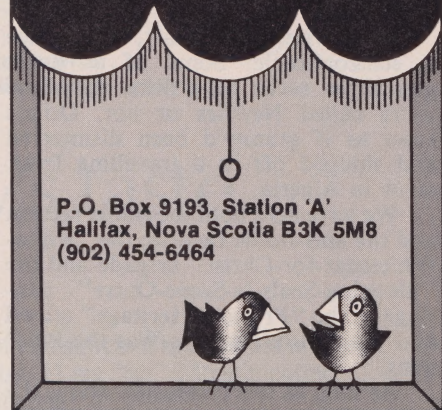
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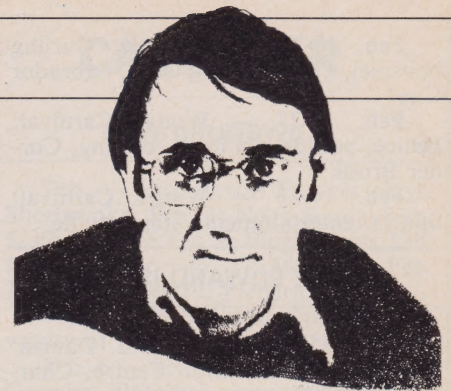
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What, be Jaysus, is the one and true image of Newfoundland?

Imagewise, sweetheart, this place is schizophrenic. Some of us don't give three sucks of a bitter lemon if we're called Newfies or not

Are you happy?"
"Happy as a lamb on a headstone."

Here was a Newfie who disremembered completely the pinnacle of contentment said to be achieved only by a swine in excrement. This Newfie was on national television. Or, at least, he was a Canadian actor playing a Newfie in an old people's home in Toronto.

Newfie John and his girlfriend had won at bingo. When Newfies win at anything they do the obvious. They spend it all as soon as possible while leaving a trail of quaint sayings in their wake.

This geezer hired a big car and driver and went to Niagara Falls. And, be Jaysus, didn't the ice in the river put him in mind of the times he went down to the Labrador in a schooner? Yes, be Jaysus, it was bound to!

Bound, also, to make him as happy as a lamb on a headstone. Supposing he received a copy of the *Dictionary of Newfoundland English* for Christmas and supposing the show (*All the Days of My Life*) is a series, he'll be back with more of the same.

Newfies on national television are as scarce as lambs on headstones. One of the few I can remember is Gordon Pinset as a witch on *The Beachcombers*. Within 28 minutes he came up with three quaint sayings and his CBC-Newfie accent ... Irish-Australian-Devonshire minus bottom dentures ... never slipped from start to finish.

There'll be much more of the same. The pay is adequate. But doing bits for overseas consumption about a parochial, inbred, pinched and navel-gazing dump like Newfoundland can be hazardous to your health. I know.

Imagewise, sweetheart, this place is schizophrenic. Some of us don't give three sucks of a bitter lemon if we're called Newfies or not. Others react as if granny'd been disinterred and shipped off to a travelling freak show in Algeria.

We have here both the fiddle faction and the anti-fiddle faction; the "Kill-a-Whitecoat-for-Christ" brigade and the "Slugging-Seals-Is-Some-Outer" contingent; the "Precious Heritage" crowd and the "Pink-TB-Spits-Was-the-Pits" gang.

As long as this dissension about the

one and true image of Newfoundland is kept local the towrow stays at a dull roar. Flung dung and tooth and claw are the accepted weapons and the number of actual homicides is hardly worth talking about. It is only when any Newfoundland ventures any view of Newfoundland and for the consumption of the greater world that hell cracks and the devil pops out.

Regardless of class, creed, color or religion, the rest of the population unites in full fury against the mortal sinner. It's 526,847 against you and your mom. Every Newfie becomes an Un-Newfie Activities Committee of one.

This state of affairs can drive international communicators like the CBC out of their little tiny skulls. Last New Year's Eve, for instance, CBC Radio in St. John's was called upon to beam "The Image" across Canada. What happened wasn't at all pretty.

"Doing bits for overseas consumption about a parochial, inbred, pinched and navel-gazing dump like Newfoundland can be hazardous to your health"

They tried to keep a foot on every possible base. There was an old-time, traditional, genuine, professional-Newfie "kitchen party" ashore and then more of similar was to be done aboard an offshore oil rig... but the latter was cancelled when an iceberg came along.

And then — and then! — the whole mishmash was interspersed by the satirical troupe of CODCO and pals making merry mock of old-time, traditional, genuine, professional Newfies. Surely, there's some risk of a cultural hernia here.

To further confuse the Un-Newfie Activities Committee in each of us, there was a yuletide production of maunderings about the "traditional Newfoundland Christmas" featuring our adopted cosmopolitan thespian, Maxim Mazum-

dar, he being one of the Bombay, rather than one of the Bonne Bay, Mazumdars.

We Newfies spend most of our waking hours cursing the place and each other up in heaps. This shows our basic good sense and sound attitude. Other rustic and isolated settlements like Charlottetown, Calgary and Vancouver have the same admirable outlook.

It's all jolly larks as long as it's kept to ourselves. But let a peep, good, bad or indifferent, be wafted abroad and local reaction is savage. The miserable offender gets miniature hangman's nooses and second-hand kitty litter in the mail and telephonic suggestions that he move to "Comminis Rusher or Comminis Chiner." Or Halifax.

Older civilizations such as are found in Nova Scotia, Moncton or Toronto have long since settled on the self-image they will display to the outside world and they stick to it. Hence, all Christendom thinks of Nova Scotia when — and only when — macramé, Peggy's Cove, inferior smoked salmon, Harold Horwood or the Graveyard of the Atlantic are mentioned. And when the little aboriginal in the farthest reaches of the Amazonian jungle bewails floods, tumults, famine and yaws, its mother tells it to button its ungrateful lip, it could be living in Moncton.

Toronto, to the world, is where all unbaptized Italians and Newfies go when they die laughing, where Gordon Sinclair's mother was frightened by a Haligonian and where Buffalo is not.

These places have got their act together. They present a unified and coherent front. That's why they're able to attract such inestimable assets as CBC headquarters, CN warehouses and a regional magazine which descends to covered bridges and yet another fish chowder recipe only when times are really tough.

We in Newfie have much to do in that regard and so little time in which to do it. I fear it is already too late. If so, then next New Year's Eve broadcast out of CBC-St. John's may feature a drama in which an aged Newfie who's won the Lotto remarks: "Arrr, I minds the time when me poor fadder, the maharaja, entered the gates of our new palace in Bonne Bay and sez to me, he sez, 'Arrr, if your poor mother was alive today to see this she wouldn't half be as happy as a lamb on a headstone.' No, poor hand." ☒

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